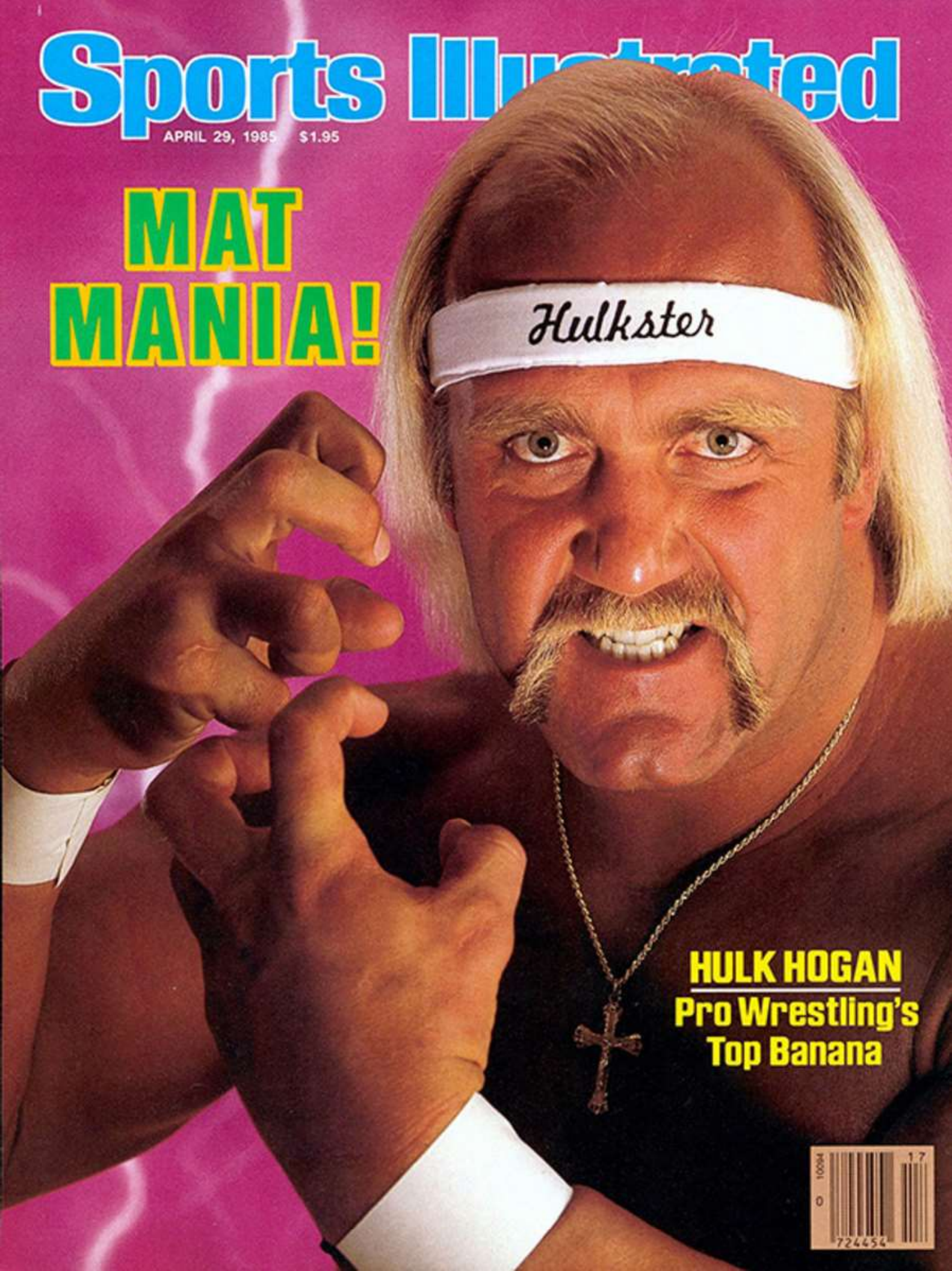


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LEADING OFF



Like it or loathe it, there's no denying that pro wrestling has become a high-visibility spectacle on cable TV. As is evident here, the bottom line isn't good taste.



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WHEN SGT. SLAUGHTER WAS FINISHED WITH HIM, IOOSS WAS READY TO ENLIST

It was only natural that photographer Walter Iooss Jr. shot this week's cover and many of the pictures inside for our look into the world of pro wrestling (page 28). Iooss, 41, a 26-year professional with 152 SI covers to his credit, has been a follower of that form of athletic/theatric endeavor since 1982.

"When I shoot Sgt. Slaughter or the Missing Link," says Iooss, "I talk to them about what's happening in the sport. I'm interested."

Pro wrestling is paid frequent homage in the Iooss household in Manhattan; Iooss's fondness for it has rubbed off on his sons Christian, 8, and Bjorn, 4. They practice moves when their mother, Evelyne, a former model, is away from the apartment. "They run around in their swim trunks and body-slam one another—and me," says Iooss. "I can't even lie on the floor in my own home."

"We all know there's a lot of theater involved in pro wrestling," Iooss concedes, "but these guys take an incredible beating. You think those jumps from the top rope don't hurt?" But what Iooss most appreciates about the bawdy universe of the pro matmen and matwomen is the zaniness of the personalities. "What names!" says Iooss. "Kamala the Ugandan Giant, Ravishing Rick Rude. . . . You don't find characters like these in any of the other

sports. Abdullah the Butcher eats liver sushi. The Sarge rides around in a camouflaged limo—and he's actually a pretty nice guy."

Who better to photograph these characters than Iooss—a rather colorful one himself. At a shooting session with Hulk Hogan last week, Iooss discovered his camera's shutter was slow to click. "You've got to double-clutch this baby," he said. Once, after quadruple-clutching to no avail, he uttered an oath.

"He's talking to the camera!" shouted photo assistant Tim Mitchell to Hogan, just in time. Soon enough, photographer and subject were enjoying excellent rapport.

"You want me to flex my upper body or anything?" offered Hogan.

"That's why I'm here, Hulkie, you media darling," cooed Iooss. "Get sinister now. Flex—that's right, you're a demon."

At one point Hogan lost his composure and began laughing.

"Hulkster, what's wrong?" asked Iooss.

"Nothing," said Hogan. "I'm just listening to you."

Robert L. Miller

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Sideline

by N. BROOKS CLARK

GAUDY OR NOT, CHAMPIONSHIP RINGS ARE THE CHERISHED SPOILS OF VICTORY

They tell the story in St. Louis that Grover Cleveland Alexander used to hock his 1926 World Series ring so routinely that Rachael Breadon, wife of the Cardinals' owner, sent word to all the local pawn shops that she would guarantee redemption of Alexander's ring whenever he laid it down.

Most of today's highly paid athletes are more attached than that to their championship rings. As Redskin place-kicker Mark Moseley put it in 1983, when he received his for Super Bowl XVII, "This ring may end up in the gutter, but if it does, I'll be wearing it."

The first championship-team memento of any kind for players was probably the diamond-studded watch fob given to each member of the 1906 World Series-

winning White Sox. That, in turn, led to championship watches, pendants and, in 1922, the first World Series rings, handed out to the New York Giants. Since 1932 every Series winner has received a ring—a custom that became a rule, legend has it, when an owner in the '40s threatened to stiff his team. The rule provides that each champion player and coach be given "an appropriate memento, to cost \$300.00, including tax" at league expense. The \$300 figure is quite an anachronism: The 1948 Cleveland Indian ring may have cost only \$200, but when Bob Feller, who was on that team, lost his three years ago, it cost \$3,000 to have a replica made.

Other leagues have different policies. The NFL partially underwrites the cost of rings, reimbursing owners about \$2,400 for each one, while the NHL leaves the matter entirely up to its owners. The NBA standardized its title ring from 1969 through 1983. Today the winning team selects its own design, with the league paying the tab.

The championship ringmaking busi-

ness is dominated by two companies—L.G. Balfour of Attleboro, Mass. and Jostens of Minneapolis. Balfour's credits include the rings for four Super Bowls, nine of the last 10 World Series, three of the Islanders' Stanley Cups and all of the NBA winners since the standardized design was selected. Jostens, the Avis of the industry, has produced, among others, 12 Super Bowl rings.

When bargaining for a contract, a sales representative and a designer meet with the club owner and show pictures of past rings along with sketches for the project at hand. The owner picks out what he likes and makes suggestions of his own. The sales rep compliments the owner on his taste and flair, and the designer sketches until together they come up with a suitably gaudy item.

Jostens' wildest creation, according to chief designer Ken Westerlund, was the one featuring the Black Muslim seal that Muhammad Ali ordered for his entourage following his victory over Joe Frazier in the Thrilla in Manila in 1975. That spectacular effort outgaudified the

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three large and 22 small diamonds in the Pittsburgh Steelers' third Super Bowl ring, in 1979, as well as the impressive array of diamonds after the Steelers' victory No. 4, in '80. So laden with precious gems were those rings that the IRS ruled the players liable for their assessed value—\$5,000 each in the case of the '80 rings when gold was exceptionally costly. Until then it had been unclear whether rings should be considered to be compensation and thus taxable or whether they were gifts and not subject to tax. To be safe, most clubs now pay the tax bills.

Rings provide a way for owners to show how much—or how little—they care. After his Oakland A's won the World Series in 1972, Charlie Finley bought a \$3,800 ring topped with a full-carat diamond, promising he'd "make this look like a dime-store ring" if the team repeated as champs. The A's did repeat, twice, but each subsequent ring was topped with a modest piece of green glass. The inscription read: $s + s = s$, a Finleyism standing for "sweat plus sacrifice equals success." The players didn't

think Finley had sacrificed enough in choosing those rings, and many never forgave him for it. Finley's side of the story? He said he received only three thank-you notes for the 1972 rings and couldn't see rewarding such ingratitude.

After the wild-card, underdog Oakland Raiders won the Super Bowl in 1981, managing general partner Al Davis said he wanted to give his players a ring that was "the best of the best." Norm Shorrock, the head designer at Balfour, took a shot at drawing what Davis had in mind. "He started out with 22 diamonds," says Shorrock, "one for each starter. Then he kept coming up with reasons why he wanted more." As it turned out, Davis finally gave the job of making the ring to Lenox Awards of St. Charles, Ill. "The best way to describe that ring," says former Lenox vice-president Bob Lickfelt, "is massive elegance." It cost about \$4,000, but it was nevertheless outshone by Davis's 1984 creation, with its 23 diamonds arranged to resemble three footballs representing the Raiders' three Super Bowl championships.

The man with the *most* rings is Yogi Berra, who has collected 15 as a player and a coach. The non-Steeler NFL player with the most Super Bowl rings is Marv Fleming, who won two with Green Bay and two with Miami.

The biggest ring was probably the Packers' for Super Bowl II in 1968. It had a single-carat diamond on the top, two half-carat diamonds on the sides, weighed 30 pennyweight (the 49ers' most recent was 32) and cost \$1,900. It would run about 10 times that today. The biggest ring size on record is the 20—almost four inches around—belonging to San Francisco defensive end Lawrence Pillers. The second biggest was the size 19½ made for Bronko Nagurski to commemorate his election to the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1963.

In a 1983 interview with Nagurski, who is now 76 and has been painfully arthritic for many years, the subject of his ring came up. "I can't get it on anymore," said Nagurski, digging into a front pants pocket, "but I still carry it around with me."

END

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EDITED BY FRANZ LIDZ

HITTING THAT LINE

In reaction to the Tulane point-shaving scandal, Atlantic Coast Conference athletic directors voted last week to ask newspapers to stop running point spreads on games involving ACC teams. That wasn't the first time college officials have moved against gambling. Some schools have barred representatives of tout sheets from their press boxes, and most college sports information directors take pains to ensure they don't inadvertently give information over the phone to gamblers posing as sportswriters.

Many newspapers think that point spreads meet the definition of news, and indeed, even non-gambling sports fans find them of interest. Still, the widespread publication of odds and tout ads is part of a climate that legitimizes gambling and helps it flourish. While the ACC's gesture is at least partly symbolic, any effort to put more distance between college athletics and gamblers is a worthwhile one. And the media would be serving the public interest if they gave the ACC's recommendation serious consideration.

THE REF FACTOR

More shots were directed at the refs than at the goalies during the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs:

- After Quebec beat Buffalo 6-5 to eliminate the Sabres, Buffalo coach Scotty Bowman said, "I hold [referee] Bryan Lewis directly responsible" for the loss. With Buffalo protecting a 5-4 lead midway through the third period, the Nordiques' Wilf Paement twice punched the Sabres' Ric Seiling in the face mask. Seiling never retaliated, yet Lewis penalized both players for two minutes. While they were off the ice, Quebec tied the score.

- St. Louis owner Harry Ornest, whose team was upset by Minnesota in three straight games, charged that the refs had allowed the North Stars to employ "goon" tactics. Ornest was incensed that Minnesota defenseman Dave Richter had received only a two-minute penalty for a

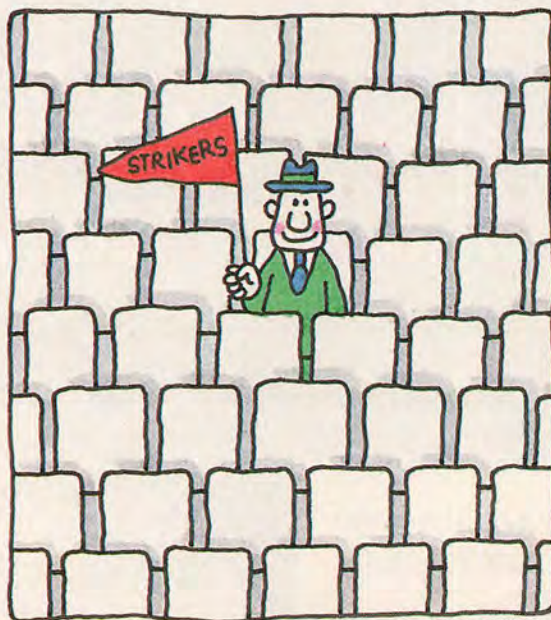
high-sticking incident that put Bernie Federko, the Blues' top scorer, out of Game 3 with a concussion and facial cuts. "In no other sport do they reward the head-hunters as they do in hockey," Ornest said. "It's akin to allowing a wild pitcher . . . [to] plainly throw at the hitters."

- After winning the first game of its series with Montreal, Boston was leading the Canadiens 3-2 late in the second period of Game 2 when referee Ron Hoggarth called what appeared to be a phantom interference penalty against the Bruins. The Canadiens scored a power-play goal that sent them on to a 5-3 win, and they eventually knocked off the Bruins. "I'd like to take the officiating and rip it to complete shreds," Boston G.M. and coach Harry Sinden said. "We deserve a better quality of work in the NHL."

Sinden is right. Fact is, the NHL has maybe four first-rate refs, and for the opening round, it needed eight a night. The G.M. of one first-round winner said it best: "If I did my job as badly as the referees do theirs, I wouldn't have a job."

THE SOUND OF NO HANDS CLAPPING

The Minnesota Strikers of the MISL haven't drawn particularly well this season. So when coach Alan Merrick told his players about plans for introducing them on Fan Appreciation Night, defender Ken Fogarty chimed in, "What if he doesn't show up?"



SAM O. WEISSMAN

ROUNDBALL RABBIS

The U.S. isn't the only country that has basketball scandals. Israel has one, too. That country has been stirred by allegations that American players have secured unkosher conversions to Judaism in order to play professional hoops there. Each of Israel's 12 pro teams is allowed to sign one foreign player a year, but many Americans evade the rules by becoming Israeli citizens. The easiest way for a gentile to obtain citizenship is to convert or to marry a Jew. And now the government claims some teams have been recruiting non-Jewish Americans and arranging quickie conversions for them.

Such chicanery is apparently a recent development. Americans began playing pro ball in Israel in the mid-'60s, and most of the early ones were Jews. Non-Jewish whites followed without much trouble. Then came non-Jewish blacks. One of them, Aulcie Perry, a 6' 11" veteran of the ABA, converted to Judaism without fuss and is now a hero in Israel, where he's called Alisha Ben-Abraham.

The cases of two other American players, Philip Dailey and Chris Rankin, aroused the ire of the Ministry of the Interior. Dailey and Rankin arrived in Israel in 1982 brandishing conversion certificates signed by three Milwaukee rabbis. Coincidentally or not, their team, Maccabi Petach Tikvah, generously donated \$6,000 to the rabbis' synagogue. But the documents were invalidated when some-

body in the ministry noticed that they'd been dated four years before the alleged conversions took place. Undeterred, the team tried to smuggle Dailey and Rankin in again by marrying them to a couple of matronly women, both 30 years their senior. The players were shipped home.

The furor over Dailey and Rankin eventually led investigators to 6' 9" John Irving, who was born a Baptist in Baton Rouge and played college hoops at Hofstra in the mid-'70s, leading the nation in rebounding as a sophomore. But Irving never quite reached the NBA. Instead, he drifted off to play pro ball in Europe. Three years ago he resurfaced in a Brooklyn gym,

continued



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THE NIGHT THE COPS BUSTED THE BOBBIES

Steve Damiani has one of those cocksure New York voices that imply knowledge of everything from how to avoid muggers in the South Bronx to the best joint for *pesto Genovese* south of Washington Square. He comes by his accent honestly. He was born in Queens and now pounds a beat as a rookie cop in the 111th Precinct. Earlier this month Damiani and seven other members of New York's Finest went to London to take on some of the best of that city's bobbies in an exhibition billed as a "Grand Dinner Boxing Evening for Gentlemen."

"They talk funny over there," Damiani says. "They called us *lads*!" When someone

Simpson (left) and Puello struck a pose before squaring off in their transatlantic cop out.

greeted him with "Cheerio," Damiani said, "Sure, I'll have a bowl."

The New Yorkers were amazed at the tidiness of London's streets. "Where's the garbage?" asked Frankie Puello, an undercover narcotics cop.

"Garbage?" said Damiani. "Where's the potholes?" They eventually found three.

The matches were held at the Bloomsbury Crest Hotel, a posh hostelry where nearly all 1,000 guests wore tuxedos. "We thought the bobbies would come out like Marcus of Queensberry," says Puello. "But they fought tough, just like in the Bronx."

The New Yorkers won the first four bouts on TKOs. The winners included Puello, whose opponent was Graham Simpson, a welterweight nicknamed Duracell because his batteries never run down. Puello took him out in Round 2 with a right hook. "Many thanks for the lesson," said Simpson, displaying a loose upper lip.

The Brits won the next two bouts. Damiani was one of the victims. He fought a middleweight lad named Gary Leverton, whose accent may have been funny, but whose left hand was not. A three-time European police champ, Leverton outpointed Damiani in three rounds. Then Al (Bubbles) Vallejo, a light welterweight scuba diver for the New York harbor patrol, beat a constable named Paul Constable to clinch it. Final score: New York 5, London 3.

Afterward the New York team took off for Windsor Castle, where the Queen and Queen Mother waved as the royal band struck up *New York, New York*. One visiting cop dropped trousers in front of a bunch of tourists. Then everyone punked out at the Hippodrome. But even the jaded New Yorkers were bemused by signs on the club's WCs for MEN, WOMEN and TRANSVES-TITES. "Where we come from," says Puello, "they don't warn you."

where an Israeli pro team recruited him. "Do you want to play basketball in Israel?" Irving was asked. "And would you like to be a Jew?" Sure, he said.

Irving says he was sent to a rabbi in Manhattan. The rabbi handed Irving a book entitled *What Is a Jew?*, asked him some perfunctory questions and told him to come back in a few days. On Irving's next visit, the rabbi talked to him for 10 minutes, shook his hand and said, "Welcome to Judaism." Conversion papers were signed, entitling Irving to citizenship under Israel's "law of return" and

the right to play basketball in the pro league. Next stop, the Promised Land.

And it came to pass that Irving had a bountiful career. As a rookie with Elitzur Tel Aviv, he averaged 28 points a game, fourth best in the league. He settled into the country and opened a couple of ice cream parlors. Last year his wife gave birth to a *sabra*, an Israeli-born child. But two months ago the Israeli government revoked Irving's citizenship, challenging his conversion. Ministry officials had looked at his papers and found the names of the same three rabbis who

signed the Dailey and Rankin certificates. Only one of the rabbis could be located, and he denied ever meeting any of the three players.

In Israel the question of who is a Jew is an intense religious, social and political issue. Now it's a sports issue as well. And for Irving, it's a personal one. "I came to Israel assuming I was an Israeli citizen and that I'd converted," he says. "I haven't broken any laws. I've invested all my savings. I pay taxes. I feel I'm being cheated."

SOLITARY RUNNER

Carolyn Chute, author of the best-selling novel *The Beans of Egypt, Maine*, was waylaid recently at a highbrow Boston literary soiree. The interloper pointed out how kind the fates had been to Down East women of late—what with Chute winning wide acclaim for her book and Freeport's Joan Benoit winning the Olympic marathon gold.

"Who's Joan Benoit?" asked Chute, who leads a somewhat reclusive existence in Gorham, Maine.

She was hastily enlightened.

"Well," she said, "we all run in our own circles."

SINISTRAL DOINGS

Last week Southpaws International, an organization that trumpets the cause of lefthandedness, named its 1985 inductees into the Lefthanders Hall of Fame. In addition to such legitimate and no doubt deserving portsiders as Robert Redford and Hamilton Jordan, those enshrined included none other than that old right-hander Bill Bradley. While acknowledging that Bradley is not a lefty, Southpaws president Herman Moore said he plans no action to right the mistake. "Senator Bradley's a great man," said Moore. "If he's not lefthanded, he should be."

THEY SAID IT

- Jimmy Johnson, University of Miami football coach, on whether the departure of quarterback Bernie Kosar will mean a run-oriented team this fall: "If we're three yards and a cloud of dust, the cloud of dust would be me leaving."

- Walt Michaels, New Jersey Generals coach: "A man who has no fear belongs in a mental institution. Or on special teams."

END



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HONDA

The Detroit Tigers are off to an absolutely miserable start this year. Relatively speaking, of course. After nine games in '84, for example, they were undefeated. This season they were 7-2, and it took a scrappy come-from-behind 4-3 win over the Kansas City Royals last Saturday to get them *that* far. Last year they didn't lose as many as two in a row until May—their 22nd and 23rd games. This year they lost their seventh and eighth games in the second week of the season. They even went so far as to lose again on Sunday, 3-2 to the Royals in 13 innings. Shameful.

At this rate the defending world champions will have little chance of bettering or even duplicating their slam-bang start of a year ago, when they won 26 of their first 30 games and 35 of their first 40. About all you can say for this bunch of paper Tigers is that by week's end they were still in first place in baseball's toughest division, the American League East, the same place they'd been for 195 straight days. But this year, unlike last, staying on top hasn't been easy. The Blue Jays were just a game behind. As Sparky Anderson, his silvery mane shrouded in contemplative pipe smoke, complained one day, "Why, I've had to manage harder these first two weeks than I did all last year." It just isn't fair.

Anderson began to suspect that his team was not about to enjoy another blissful romp through the schedule when his two best starting pitchers, Jack Morris and Dan Petry, were beaten in successive games last week. First Morris was beaten 2-0 by the Brewers on Wednes-

continued

In their first defeat, Parrish and the Tigers got dusted by Jim Gantner of the Brewers.

You Can't Win 'em All

Sure, the world champion Tigers led the AL East, but two weeks into the season they had already lost three games

by **RON FIMRITE**





day, his teammates getting just two hits off Danny Darwin. Then, on Friday, Petry was knocked out of the box after two innings in a 9-2 shellacking by the Royals. Tiger pitchers had not yielded a home run all season until that game. Petry gave up two to the same man, George Brett, in his mercifully brief tenure, and his successors allowed three more. Five dingers in one game! Last year's team wouldn't have suffered that many in a month. Sparky spoke mournfully of his team's being in the "doldrums" after these two trouncings, and rightfielder Kirk Gibson was so upset he wouldn't even speak to his dogs, Nick and Duke.

About the only positive result of the week's misfortunes was that they allowed Dennis Sutton, a Grand Rapids radio broadcaster, to take leave of the home plate-shaped hut, affixed to a highway billboard, he had occupied since Opening Day. Sutton had vowed to remain

there as long as the Tigers kept winning. They did win their first six games, some of which were played on days when the temperature was below freezing in that hovel off Highway 131. Sutton stayed on, sustained by free meals from local restaurants and comforted by visits from his wife and Grand Rapids Mayor Gerald Helmholtz. When the team finally lost, Sutton and, to be sure, Mrs. Sutton may have been the only persons in Michigan to rejoice.

The terrible losing streak ended on Saturday in Tiger Stadium. It was yet another game the Tigers appeared to have lost. They were behind 3-0 and struggling pitifully against K.C. starter Mark Gubicza, who had retired 13 of them in a row, when Darrell Evans hit a two-out, bases-empty homer in the seventh. Gubicza departed after that inning in favor of Dan Quisenberry, arguably the best short reliever in the game. But the Tigers scratched out another run in the eighth

when rookie infielder Chris Pittaro beat out a drag bunt and scored on singles by Alan Trammell and Gibson (one could almost hear Nick and Duke howling with glee at the prospect of renewing communication with their master). And they pulled it out in the ninth when Chet Lemon singled in the tying run and Lou Whitaker knocked home the winner with the bases loaded. It was a rally kept alive once more by the callow Pittaro, who worked Quisenberry, a control pitcher, for a walk. To illustrate how difficult things have been this year, this was the fourth one-run win for Detroit and the fourth it has won after being tied or behind as late as the seventh inning.

Despite such squeakers, Anderson is convinced his 1985 team is actually superior to last year's world-beaters. "They've all matured," he says of his '85 players. "They know they can win now. We have tremendous depth. I could make four moves tomorrow and we wouldn't lose a thing. I'd match the top 10 kids in our farm system with any in baseball. We've worked ourselves into a hornet's nest of talent here. I can see us being like the old Yankees, a team that just gets better every year. And we've got new players who will help right now—[pitcher] Walt Terrell and Pittaro." Pittaro?

Certainly. He's only 23, barely three years out of the University of North Carolina and so apparently frail of physique and delicate of mien that he looks as if he should be re-creating Sal Mineo's old roles instead of scooping up hot smashes down the line and taking his cuts against the likes of Quisenberry. Yet Anderson thinks so much of him that he actually contemplated moving Whitaker, a Gold Glove second baseman in '84, to third to make room for him. Whitaker finally balked at this astonishing proposal, a stand vigorously supported by a number of his teammates, who, as catcher Lance Parrish put it, "didn't take too well" to the notion of supplanting an established veteran with a rookie.

But Anderson found room for Pittaro anyway, transferring *him* to third, a position he last played in American Legion ball when he was 15 years old. Pittaro's unfailing eagerness and his willingness to experiment quickly won him the favor of



JOHN BEVER

If Pittaro keeps rising to the occasion, he could force Whitaker to move to third base.

his teammates, and they have rallied behind him. "In the old days the rookies might have been treated as castoffs," says Pittaro, "but that hasn't been the case here. They couldn't have made me feel more welcome. And just looking at this lineup takes a lot of the pressure off. You know there's always somebody behind you who can do the job." Besides, he says, "Who am I to complain? If they wanted me to catch, I'd do it."

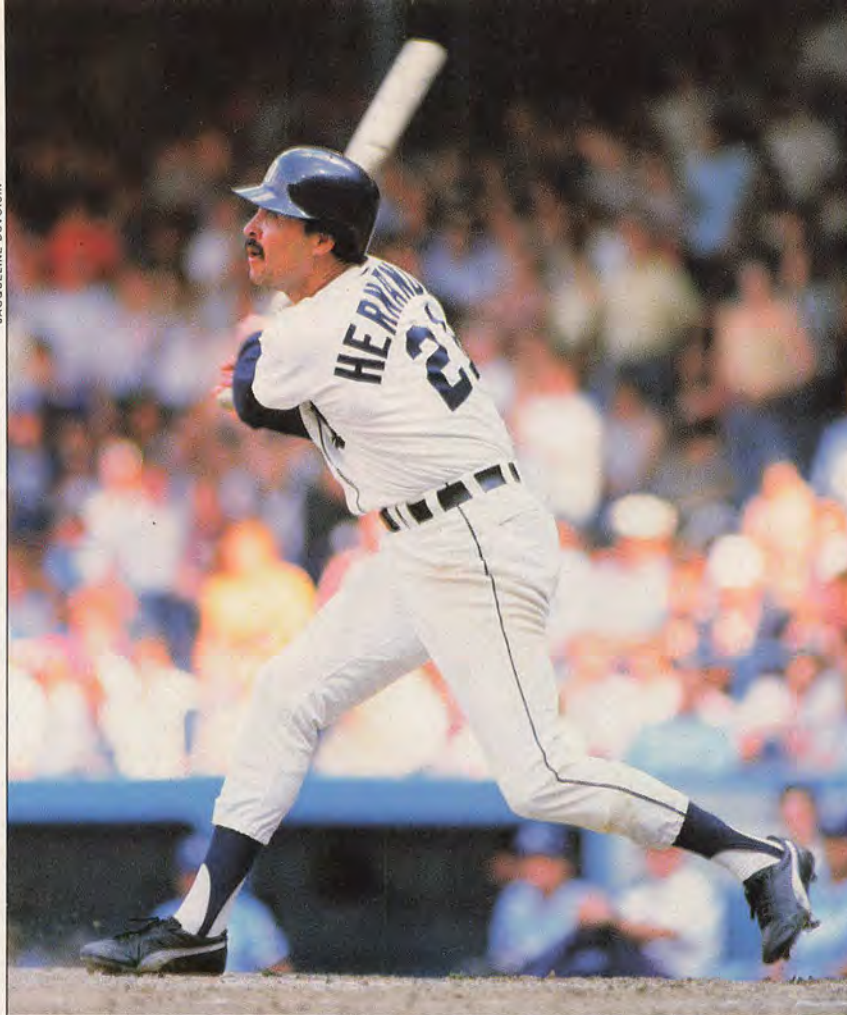
Pittaro didn't even expect to make the team when spring training started. He only began to show his true promise last year at Birmingham in the Double A Southern League, where he hit .284 and had 11 homers and 18 stolen bases. He had been a shortstop in high school and college but was shifted to second after an unpromising professional start at Macon (.229 average, 24 errors in 68 games). "I was so bad at short they had to get me out of there," he says with refreshing candor. He is as surprised as anyone by his rapid ascent in the Tiger system.

"Mentally, I was prepared to go back to the minor leagues after this spring training," he says. "I didn't think I had a shot at all. My father and I even argued about my attitude." Pittaro's father, Sonny, played in the old Washington Senators organization and for the past 15 years has been the baseball coach at Rider College near the family home in Trenton, N.J. "My dad had the approach that if you work hard enough, anything can happen," Chris continues. "He told me I shouldn't go into spring training with the attitude that I was going to be sent down again. Not until Sparky told me he was moving Lou to third with two weeks to go before the season did I know I was going to stick. And the Lou thing made me feel awkward. Anybody would feel awkward replacing a player who's had the years he's had. Now I'm adapting to third. But I'm still in shock just being here."

Anderson has by no means given up on his scheme of switching Whitaker and Pittaro in the infield. "That ain't over yet," he says. "I think this [Pittaro at third, Whitaker at second] is a one-year deal. Lou can play third. He's got the arm for it. The kid's got a great arm for second, not quite so good for third. And Lou's bat makes him a third baseman. I want him to have those extra years up here. He can get that playing third, not second, where you have collisions."

Anderson rather slyly slips Pittaro, a

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN



Things went so badly for Detroit on Sunday that pitcher Willie Hernandez had to bat.

switch hitter, in at second on days when a particularly bothersome (for Whitaker) lefthanded pitcher opposes the Tigers. He waited only until the fourth game of the season to "rest" Whitaker and play Pittaro, and the youngster responded by starting a game-winning rally with a single off the Royals' ace lefty, Bud Black, and by participating as the pivot man in three double plays. On Sunday, Pittaro again played second, this time against K.C. lefthander Danny Jackson. For his first two weeks in the majors, Pittaro was batting .276, with three errors.

Last year the Tigers became one of only three teams in baseball history (the '23 Giants and '27 Yankees were the others) to lead a season from start to finish. If they can go from wire to wire again, certainly a long-shot proposition in the face of such severe competition in the AL East, they'll be the only team ever to do it two years in a row. The mere mention of such an epochal achievement brings puffs from Sparky's pipe.

Sparky hopes he is not blowing smoke in saying 1985 may be even better than 1984.

"You know," he says, puff, puff, "I've gotten to the point where I've started to think about things like that." And he may not just be blowing smoke.

END

JERRY WACHTER





Eternal Prince (center) led from the start and easily beat Proud Truth (to his right).

Brian was looking for George, George was looking for Butch, Butch was looking for Richard so he could introduce him to George, and Richard, well, he was the little guy trying to pick his way through the crowd that had engulfed the winner's circle at Aqueduct.

In the pleasant pandemonium that descended on the circle after Saturday's running of the 1¼-mile, \$296,500 Wood Memorial, obviously the only one who knew where he was and where he was going was Eternal Prince, the smashing winner of the race, who had come and gone and was now looking for a warm mash dinner and a place to go to sleep.

"Where's George?" cried Brian Hurst, the majority owner of the colt who had just become a favorite for the Kentucky Derby. Hurst was trying to organize the group for a winner's-circle photo.

"There's George!" someone yelled. Sure enough, threading his way through the crowd was George Steinbrenner III, the principal owner of the New York Yankees and the new 37½% owner of Eternal Prince. "Come on, George, get in here!" Hurst said.

"Where's Butch?" said George. Butch is John (Butch) Lenzini, Eternal Prince's trainer. "Oh, there he is," said George. "He's over there hugging somebody. Butch is the only one who should be taking credit for this horse."

Finally, up walked Butch, looking around for Richard Migliore, Eternal Prince's jockey. Finding him, Butch said, "Richard, have you met George yet?" Richard and George shook hands.

At one point as he was being photographed, Hurst shouted, "We're going to be right here having our picture taken in Kentucky, too!"

That could happen. Under a superb ride by the 21-year-old Migliore, who

sailed the colt to the lead at the start and then snugged him through a very slow first half mile in 48 seconds, Eternal Prince stole the Wood early. He ended up winning by 2¾ lengths over the stretch-running Florida Derby winner, the favored Proud Truth, with the much-ballyhooed winner of the Everglades Stakes, Rhoman Rule, trailing in third.

"The first half killed us," said John Veitch, the trainer of Proud Truth, who was seven lengths behind Eternal Prince at the half. "You can't give away that many lengths when the leader is running the first half in 48 seconds."

That slow early pace on an off track, in fact, transformed the Wood from the definitive Kentucky Derby prep it was supposed to be into a race that only muddled further an already obscure Derby picture. The one truly emphatic Kentucky Derby performance on Saturday may have occurred in the Arkansas Derby at Oaklawn. There, Eugene Klein's Tank's

A Prince Comes Through For The Boss

To George Steinbrenner's joy, Eternal Prince won the Wood and became a favorite for the roses

by WILLIAM NACK

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

fairly blazed through the fastest Gotham fractions since Secretariat won the race on his way to the Triple Crown in 1973. The numbers were electric: half a mile in :44½, six furlongs in 1:08¾! That left the six other Gotham starters sucking air as Eternal Prince won laughing by five. "Not many horses can run that fast and last, and he did," Lenzini said.

The Gotham not only earned the colt a shot at the Wood but also found him a new part owner in Steinbrenner, the shipbuilding Yankee boss who triples as a gentleman farmer and breeder in Florida. In January 1984, Hurst, a Richmond automobile wholesaler, purchased the 2-year-old Eternal Prince from Steinbrenner for \$17,500 at a Hialeah sale. Steinbrenner had been among the first to lay eyes on the colt. "I saw him born," he says. "I'm at the farm a lot during foaling season. I used to see him outside in the paddock. My son Hank bred him and raised him."

Steinbrenner was at Garden State Park on the night of April 6, surrounded by his entourage. He had lost track of the colt after the sale and had no idea what had become of him. "Who the hell is this Eternal Prince?" he asked. Fearful of telling him, no one said a word. "All my people were sitting there," Steinbrenner

says. "One guy finally said, 'Are you pulling my leg? You don't know about this horse?' I said, 'No. Why?' He said, 'You bred him.'"

Steinbrenner was stunned. "I bred him?" he said. There it was, right in the *Daily Racing Form*: "Bred by Kinsman Stud Farm."

Steinbrenner phoned Hurst and said, "I want to get back in on this horse." So Hurst let him back in for a sum reportedly around \$750,000 for his 37½%. How does it feel, Steinbrenner was asked, to sell a horse for \$17,500 and a year later buy a minority interest in him for a bundle? "It's the free enterprise system," George said.

Eternal Prince had the Wood field at his mercy, and the only question was how well he would handle a track that was drying out from a rain. He did just fine. The Wood undoubtedly did loads for Rhoman Rule, who did not like the going but obviously needed the race after a 35-day layoff. Proud Truth ran well, as usual, though he did indeed suffer from the slow early pace. He'll join Eternal Prince and Rhoman Rule at Louisville.

"This is easy, eh?" Hurst said in the winner's circle. In New York, perhaps so. But going that mile and a quarter at Churchill Downs never is.

END

Prospect, who had run a dismal last in the Santa Anita Derby for trainer D. Wayne Lukas while suffering a minor respiratory problem, returned to form to win by six and a half lengths and become a horse to beat at Churchill Downs.

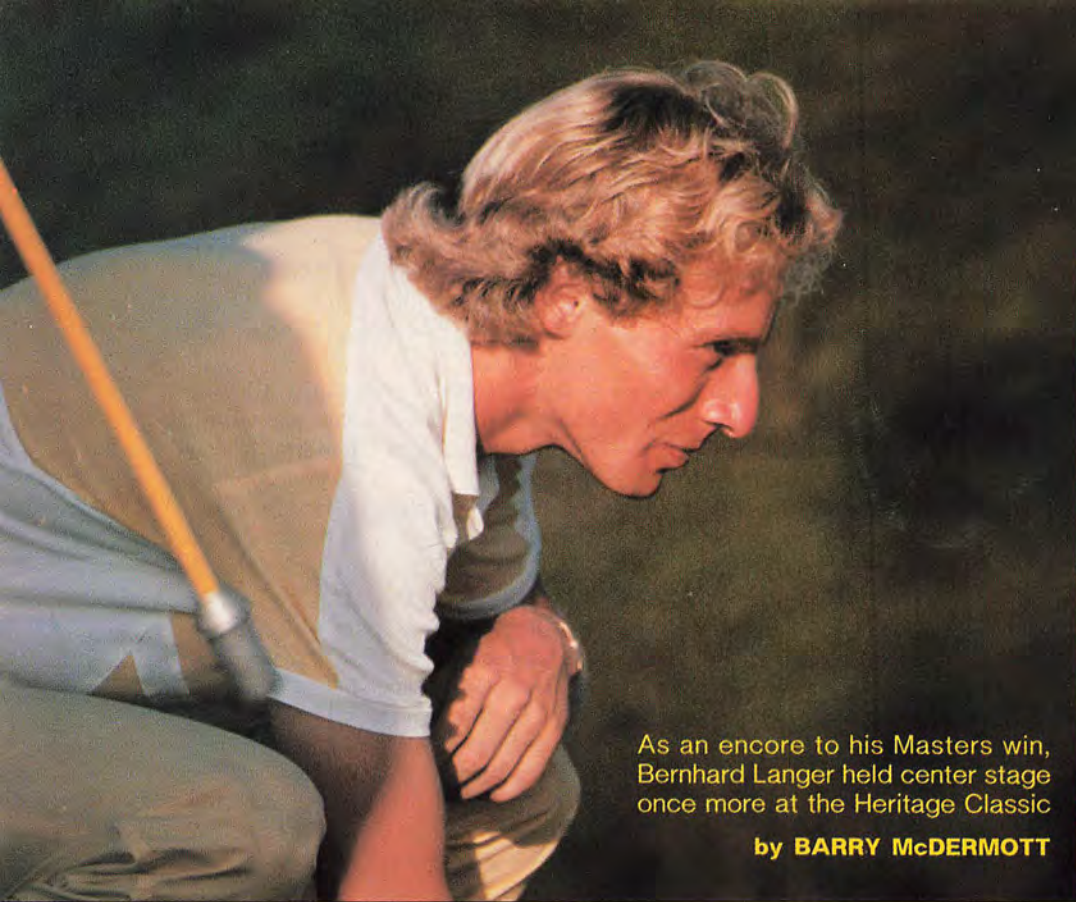
But the Wood clearly established Eternal Prince as this year's most solid and most dangerous front-runner among Derby 3-year-olds, confirming the value of the painful but useful lesson that Lenzini learned in the seven-furlong Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct on March 23. For that race, Lenzini instructed Migliore to take the colt off the pace. "We tried to rate him," Butch said. "We tried to make him relax, and he didn't like it." Eternal Prince placed sixth, beaten 8½ lengths by Pancho Villa.

Before the one-mile Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct on April 6, Lenzini told Migliore to let the colt roll, and the son of Majestic Prince, the winner of the 1969 Kentucky Derby and Preakness Stakes,



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Three for the road: Lenzini (left), Steinbrenner and Hurst are bound for Louisville.



GARY M. FORCIER

As an encore to his Masters win, Bernhard Langer held center stage once more at the Heritage Classic

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Cheers For Langer Linger Longer

Bernhard Langer, the one-putt German, marched out of Georgia and into South Carolina last week, winning the Sea Pines Heritage Classic in the Spanish-moss kingdom of Hilton Head Island, seven days after his stirring victory in Augusta. If anyone thought the 27-year-old Langer would turn out to be a one-week wonder along the lines of another noted cross-hander—Orville Moody, the 1969 U.S. Open champion who never won again—consider what new Masters champion Langer did in the Heritage. He shot steady rounds of 68, 66, 69 and 70 to tie Bobby Wadkins at 273, then beat Wadkins, Lanny's hard-luck younger brother, on the first hole of sudden death. Once again Langer was maestro of the greens, hitting all the right notes, sinking all the short ones. He did not have a single three-putt, this following only one three-putt at the Masters. It's time to prepare a revised scouting re-

port on Langer. Forget the good hit, no field. *Ein guter Putter.*

In fact, on Sunday Langer resembled the second coming of Bobby Locke, a South African and four-time British Open champion who terrorized Sam Snead and Ben Hogan in the 1950s with his deft touch on the greens. Langer drove the ball all over the Harbour Town links, but repeatedly rescued himself.

On the back nine, Langer hit more trees than greens—five trees, four greens—but he chipped in at the 12th, for a birdie, saved par several times from Easter Bunny territory and kept burning the cup on long putts. He forced the play-off with just such an effort on the 18th, his ball lipping the cup from 40 feet. On the first extra hole, the 16th, Wadkins bunkered his second shot, blasted out to 12 feet and missed for a bogey, while Langer almost holed a 30-footer before tapping in for par.



GARY M. FORCIER

Bernhard was good to the very last drop.

Naturally, Langer was still keyed up over his Masters victory when he arrived in Hilton Head. He and his wife, Vikki, had celebrated at Augusta National, joining Masters chairman Hord Hardin for dinner on Sunday evening. Then they visited some Australian friends who decided around midnight that Langer should telephone the Australian press. The Aussies thought the call was a hoax. "They figured it was just someone with a German accent," Bernhard said.

It was nearly 3 a.m. when the Langers returned to their rented home, but they couldn't sleep, so at 5 a.m. they took a stroll through the neighborhood. Then they packed and made the 3½-hour drive to Hilton Head.

Discussions about Langer usually focus on his futuristic clothing—bright col-

ors and zippers all over his pants; his slow play, a criticism that may be overstated; and his putting, which until recently was considered to be a joke. When Langer was 19, he had the yips, which make a player's putting stroke act precisely the way the word sounds. His caddie, Pete Coleman, says that in those days people literally could not bear to watch Langer putt. "It was too painful," says Coleman, especially when Langer would double-hit his putts, the putter striking the ball twice on the same stroke.

Langer tried everything he could think of to overcome the problem, but ultimately it was Seve Ballesteros who offered the most helpful and simple advice back in 1980. Ballesteros, whose talent on the green is unsurpassed, told Langer that his putter was too light. Langer discarded it, bought a new, heavier putter from British pro Clive Clark's Sunningdale golf shop for £5 and was on his way, winning the Dunlop Masters in England three weeks later. "I always knew I had it in me to putt because I was such a good chipper," Langer says. "I was just too tense. My muscles would lock."

Confidence now seems to be an integral part of Langer's makeup. After winning the Australian Masters in February, he said, "The Australian Masters today, the United States Masters in April." And at Hilton Head, asked if he was surprised to be playing so well, Langer said, "I'm not surprised how well I play. I'm surprised how well everybody else plays."

Langer's Heritage win was worth \$72,000, boosting him to third on the PGA Tour money list with \$256,667. He seems to be making an effort to speed up his methodical pace; at the TPC last month, Langer was fined \$500 for slow play. On Sunday, despite two time-consuming rulings, Langer and playing partners Larry Mize and Danny Edwards finished in a respectable four hours and 12 minutes. "I don't think we're going to have a problem anymore with Langer," said PGA official Mark Russell, during the round. "He knows we're watching him and he's a smart guy."

Langer needed all of those wits about him in the last round. With Vikki in the gallery, wearing her bright red LANGER'S LIKERS NO. 1

FAN T shirt, Bernhard, who started the day one ahead of Edwards and two up on Mize and Wadkins, birdied the first hole. After that, he had an up-and-down-and-up-and-down-and-up day. Vikki, as she often does, walked between the greens and tees with her arm around her husband, offering words of solace.

After the victory, the normally languid Langer was in a bit of a hurry. He had to fly down to Fort Pierce, Fla., for a dinner in his honor at the Tournament Players Club at Monte Carlo, where he has a condominium. As he left, he was wearing the red sport jacket that goes to every Heritage winner, but the club members were celebrating his Masters win, so he obliged by changing into a green jacket. As long as tournaments make a practice of awarding haberdashery, and as long as he can putt, Bernhard Langer may never again need to buy a jacket.

END



JOHN IACONO



GARY M. FORCIER

A week after Langer was helped into Masters green by Ben Crenshaw, he modeled Heritage red with wife Vikki.

You just have to say to him, 'This is our house, and you can't come in,' " said New York Islander defenseman and captain Denis Potvin as his team's best-of-seven Patrick Division championship series against the Flyers got underway last Thursday in Philadelphia. But then Potvin admitted, "There's not much you

can do against a guy who's as big and can do as many things as he does."

The man Potvin was worried about was the Flyers' 6' 3", 225-pound Tim Kerr, who had scored 54 goals this season after having scored 54 the year before. And the house the Islanders wanted to keep him out of was the area in front

of the Islander goal—the slot—hockey's equivalent of football's pit and the place from which Kerr, by his own estimate, scores 80% of his goals.

So how did the Islanders fare against him? In the second period of Game 1, there was Kerr, after a Brian Propp breakaway, bulling his way into the slot past 6' 2", 215-pound Islander defenseman Dave Langevin. Kerr took Propp's rebound off New York goalie Kelly Hrudey's pads and shoved an eight-footer into the Islander net for a 2-0 Flyer lead. Philly won 3-0.

In Game 2 on Sunday, Kerr tied an NHL playoff record with three assists in the first period. Then, midway through the third period, there he was again, rushing the puck down the slot with

Housebreaker On The Loose

Hot-shooting Tim Kerr made the Islanders' end of the ice his own as the Flyers stormed to a 2-0 lead in the NHL playoffs **by JACK FALLA**

HEINZ KLUETMEIER





PAUL BERESWILL

In Game 2 it was goalie Smith's turn to make an attempt—also in vain—to contain Kerr.

6' 1", 200-pound Islander forward Bob Nystrom futilely trying to check him. Kerr's shot from about 10 feet hit Nystrom's skate, and the Islander slipped and crashed into goalie Billy Smith. Nystrom, Smith (who lost his mask in the collision) and the puck all went tumbling into the Islander goal while Kerr, still standing, raised his arms in celebration. It was his seventh goal in the playoffs, and the Flyers, with Propp breaking out of a slump with three goals, won 5-2 to take a 2-0 series lead. Some people had billed the Flyers-Islanders series as a showdown between two of the highest-scoring right wings in the game, Kerr and New York's Mike Bossy, who had 58 goals this season and has averaged 59.25 per season in his eight-year NHL career.

Despite the attention of a host of Islanders, Kerr (12) gave Hrudefy fits in the opener.

But it was strictly no contest. The two-game stats: Kerr, two goals and three assists; Bossy, no goals and no assists.

So what did the Islanders do wrong against Kerr? "You have to get him before he takes his position," Islander left wing Bob Bourne, who frequently found himself playing opposite Kerr in the first two games, said, echoing Potvin. "Make him take a spot he doesn't want to take, because once he has position, he's a strong man and hard to move." Ask Langevin and Nystrom.

The Islanders' hopes of bouncing back against the Flyers as they had against the Washington Capitals in the first round—they became the only team ever to recover from an 0-2 deficit and win a five-game series—may well hinge on their success in stopping Kerr from making their house his home. That's something few teams have been able to do. In the playoff preliminary round Kerr trashed the New York Rangers in one of the greatest individual scoring displays in

NHL history. With Philly leading New York two games to none, but trailing 3-2 in the second period of Game 3 at Madison Square Garden, Kerr exploded for four goals in a span of eight minutes and 16 seconds to lead the Flyers to a 6-5 win. Those were the most goals scored by a player in one period in NHL playoff history, and they gave Kerr his fourth four-goal game this season. It was a typical Kerr production: Two of the goals came on shots from inside 10 feet, and on three of the goals Kerr one-timed the puck, i.e., shot off the pass.

"You can practice one-timing, but you can't coach it," says Flyer head coach Mike Keenan, who, to exploit Kerr's strong, quick hands, frequently has him take face-offs.

"His hands are every bit as fast as Mike Bossy's," says Flyer assistant coach Ted Sator. As a case in point, Sator cited Kerr's third goal against the Rangers, on which he backhanded a Peter Zezel pass from the left corner into the New York

continued

net while wearing 6' 3", 215-pound defenseman Barry Beck.

Such abuse from opposing defensemen neither bothers nor deters Kerr. In the first period of the opener against the Islanders, as Kerr, without the puck, moved into the Islander slot, Potvin stood in his way, a fairly clear-cut but uncalled case of interference, hoping to resist Kerr's advance and turn him to the

that set up Propp's first goal or his close-in shot that produced a rebound Propp banged in for his second goal. He then scored his own goal and for the night had five shots on Smith. The Islanders could have gone back to trying to push him around, of course, but as Morrow says, "That's like pushing a wall."

Kerr actually seems to welcome the rough stuff. "That's what the pads are

seasons, when Kerr scored only 22 and 21 goals. "But he's a tree with brains."

Kerr attributes his success as a scorer to his preference for the wrist shot over the slap shot. His wrist shot is, often as not, actually a snap shot on which he draws the stick back just a few inches behind the puck but still uncorks a blast. Kerr's faith in wristers is borne out by the fact that he led the Flyers in shooting per-



Just because Kerr embraced the Isles' Bryan Trottier doesn't mean they're friends.

outside. But Kerr rumbled on, forcing Potvin to give ground grudgingly. "If you have to concede a little, you do," said Potvin.

The Islanders appeared to back off Kerr a bit in Game 2. "They tried playing around me," said Kerr. Explaining the strategy, Islander defenseman Ken Morrow said, "Like we do with [Wayne] Gretzky, we just wanted to deny him the puck." But they didn't deny Kerr's cross-ice pass to Joe Paterson that led to Philly's first goal, his pass across the crease

for," he says. "I don't snap out much. Sometimes they try to bang me from the back, but that just doesn't work."

"To get Tim out of the slot, you're trying to push 225 pounds," says Flyer defenseman Brad Marsh. By Kerr's own testimony, Boston defenseman Mike O'Connell plays him best. "He stays between me and the puck," says Kerr. "He plays me with his mind." Which, face it, is a lot easier than playing Kerr with your body.

"He's like a tree out there," says Los Angeles coach Pat Quinn, who coached the Flyers during Kerr's first two

centage for four straight years before finishing second on the team this season—with 20.2%—behind Ilkka Sinisalo. "Of course, it's pretty hard to miss from the crease in," says Kerr, jokingly using a golfing expression to describe his play: "My short game's pretty good."

"But Tim doesn't get goals just by standing in front and mucking it up," says Marsh. "He knows how to move through the slot. He's like a good rebounder in basketball."

Kerr has had to work on his skating, and he thinks his improvement in this area is one of the reasons he has gone

continued



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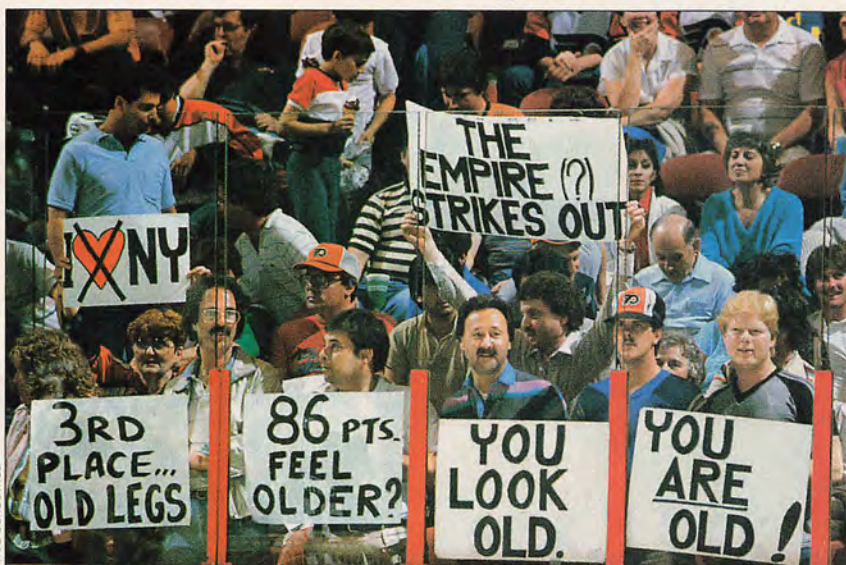
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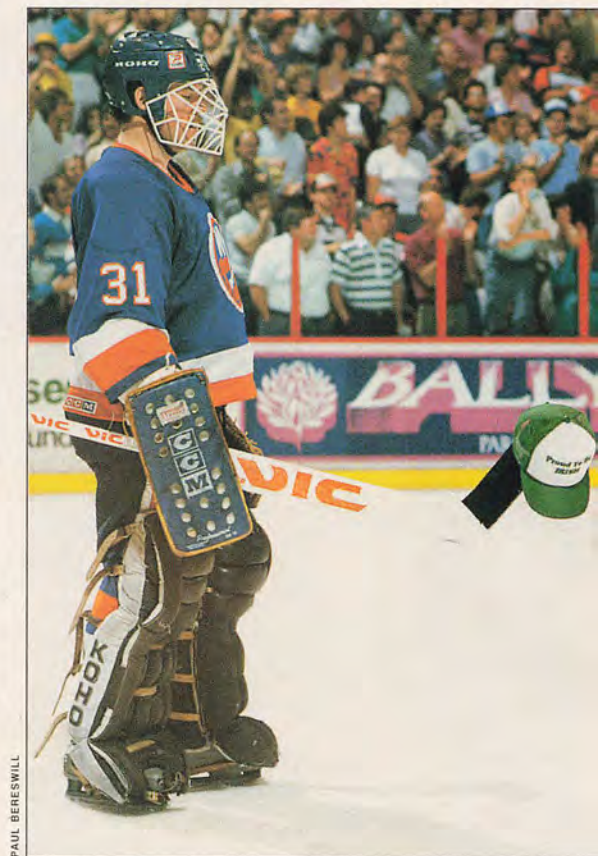
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A sign New York was through? Philly fans thought so as Propp (26, above) scored a hat trick on Smith (below) in Game 2.



TIM KERR *continued*

from a 20- to a 50-goal scorer. "As a kid in Tecumseh, Ontario," Kerr says, "I grew too fast and didn't have good coordination. When I went to Junior A, I couldn't even turn around and skate backwards." Nor was Kerr any great shakes on the blades when he was signed by the Flyers as a free agent in January 1980. It wasn't until he suffered ligament damage in his right knee and missed 37 games in 1982-83 that he improved. "The rehabilitation work strengthened my legs and improved my agility," says Kerr, who still isn't in the same class as a skater as the Flyers' Sinisalo or Mark Howe but gets where he has to go in plenty of time.

Kerr is one of only five current Flyers

with the team the last season it won a playoff game—April 7, 1982—and he savors the responsibility that comes with his emergence as a star. "There's a lot more pressure being a 50-goal scorer than a 20-goal scorer," he says. Still, Kerr sometimes craves more ice time than he gets. Because of a series of shorthanded and four-on-four situations, Kerr was limited to just three shifts in the first period of Game 1, a circumstance that had him grumbling the next day. Yet it is hard to fault Keenan's use of Kerr. He has pretty much broken up Kerr and Propp, the team's second-leading scorer, in order to add more balance to the Philly attack, and it has worked. Keenan frequently puts Kerr on the ice with good young legs like Zedel and Todd Bergen, both of whom have the speed and skill


to get the puck to the big man in the slot.

And now, unless Potvin and company can find a way to keep Kerr out of their house, this divisional championship will end with the Flyers in the Stanley Cup semifinals and the Islanders out in the cold.

END

WHO'S KIDDING WHOM?

BY BRUCE NEWMAN



Pro wrestling has gone big time, thanks to a show-biz send-up that has bred stars like the Missing Link—who's not missing, he's right here





WALTER IOOSS JR.

First will come the inevitable transition period, or the crossover, as they call it in the Business. And when we say the Business, of course, we're talking about the Industry. One MTV executive has already suggested the next step will be midget mud wrestling. All right! Fabulous concept. Love it, love it, *love it!* Love *him!* But *where* is that concept taking us? Has *anybody* thought about how we're going to get Prince down in that mud for the video? Has anybody thought about *that*?

The thing to do is keep all these ever-so-subtle concepts coming as long as the numbers keep saying: Pro wrestling, *you look mah-velous!*

And it does! Wrestling, the original sham-sport, has been in the midst of a boom since its fusion with rock began to roll last year. The "rock and wrestling connection," as MTV has dubbed this heady brew, has become the hottest thing in the Industry since the Video, dahlings. "Rock and wrestling," says World Wrestling Federation

Kamala the Ugandan Giant (above) has a belly he uses to butt opponents. Captain Lou Albano's piercing stare can turn anyone's stomach.



WALTER IOOSS JR.

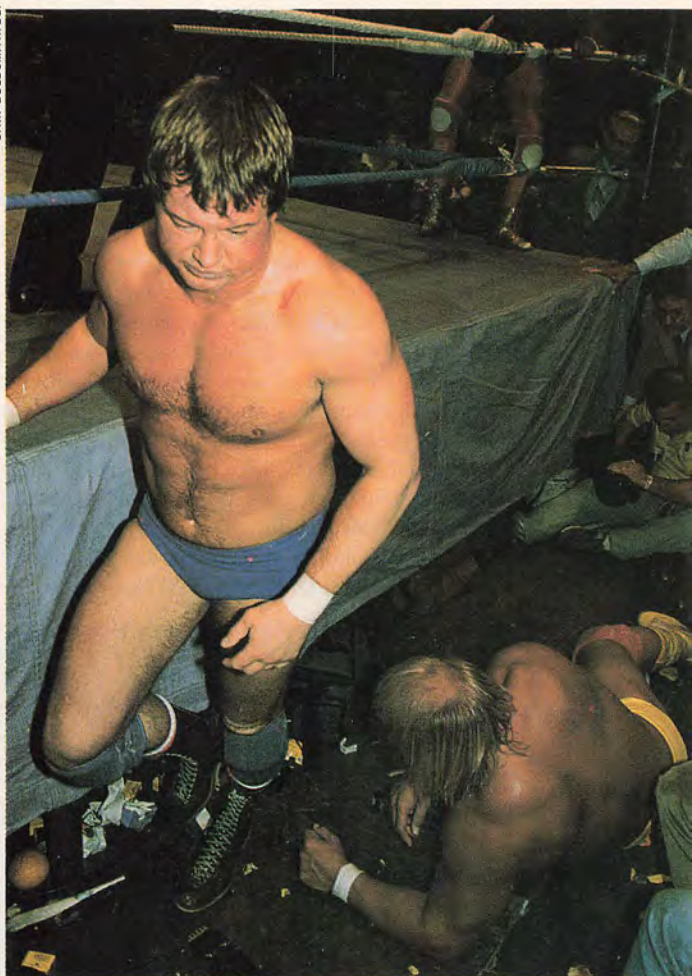
heavyweight champ Hulk Hogan. "It's not a dream, it's the way we live."

Fabulous concept, Hulkster! And more and more it's the way *America* lives. In the most recent Nielsen ratings, four of the nation's 10 top-rated cable-TV programs were wrestling shows. Two of them are produced by Vince McMahon Jr., commander in chief of the WWF; on the USA Network, McMahon's wrestling shows generate higher ratings than college basketball, tennis or hockey. The other two wrestling shows, which until last month were also McMahon productions, are on the WTBS superstation, where wrestling does better than college football. In Memphis, a Saturday *morning* wrestling show is the third-highest-rated television program, trailing only *Dallas* and *Dynasty*. And when Rowdy Roddy Piper, a 250-pound yapping adrenal gland, appeared last month on Boston's *Sports Huddle*, the switchboard at WHDH was swamped with a record 48,000 calls. Wrestling mania is also reflected in a proliferation of posters, product endorsements and talk-show appearances by America's burly new heroes, not to mention plenty of newspaper people-section pictures of Andy Warhol, Brian De Palma and Joe Piscopo watching the sleeper holds.

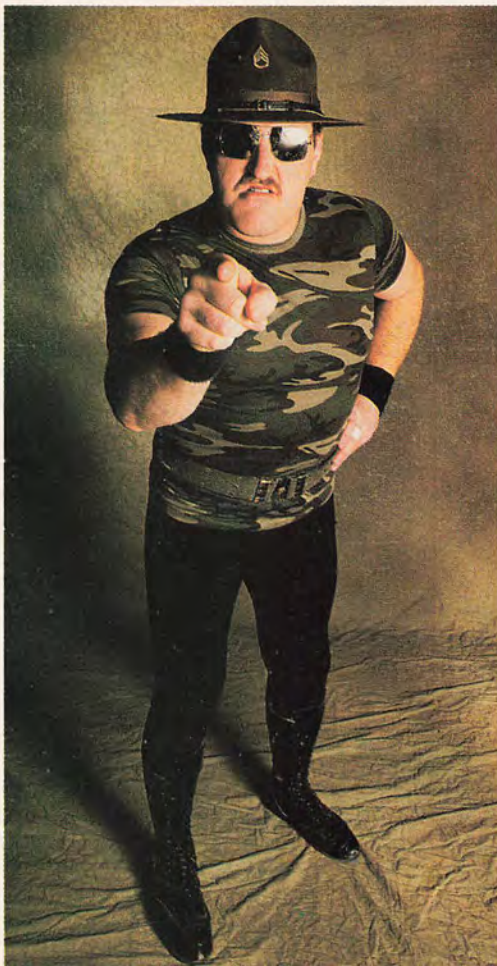
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Rowdy Roddy Piper and the Fallen Hulk Hogan wasted little time in proving that *WrestleMania* was too much of a happening to be restrained by mere ring-ropes.

LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI



Sgt. Slaughter (left) keeps the torch burning for Miss Liberty, but he went AWOL from the WWF. The Samoans likewise split, taking their snarls and 'staches to a rival promoter.



WALTER IOOSS JR.



WALTER IOOSS JR.

It scarcely matters that wrestling's reputed popularity with the quiche-and-Volvo crowd is largely the result of media manipulation. The man doing most of the manipulating is McMahon, who has given wrestling the upscale demographics—or the illusion of same—it never had before. Somehow McMahon and his WWF have convinced a good part of the press that the knuckledraggers who traditionally made up wrestling crowds have been booted out of the bleachers and replaced by Wharton graduates.

"The WWF is the force behind this new perception of wrestling," says Bob Costas, who recently announced a match in St. Louis for KMOX radio, the first bout the station had carried live in 22 years. "Like it or not, what's causing wrestling to go mainstream is the McMahon approach." McMahon is despised by pro wrestling purists and by rival promoters for turning wrestling into schlock and roll, but others see

Cyndi Lauper protégée Wendy Richter, here in the role of the pullee, freed her tresses and eventually beat Lellani Kal, whose mentor is the Fabulous Moolah.



him as a visionary. "There's that fine line between genius and insanity," WWF announcer Mean Gene Okerlund says of McMahon, "and he walks it."

Very visual, Mean Gene! Love it to death! And isn't that what wrestling is really all about—walking the fine line between the ridiculous and the supine? The funny thing is, wrestling's cable ratings have been going through the roof at precisely the same time that some of the TV numbers for real sports have been declining, and something must be compelling viewers to tune in. "They're putting too many rules on everything now," says wrestling manager Bobby Heenan, hazarding a sociological insight. "No more sack dances, no spiking, no high fives. In wrestling they've got rules, but they're not too strict about enforcing them . . . what other sport lets you kick a guy when he's down?" That's simplistic, of course, but given the phenomenon we're dealing with here, probably as good an explanation for what's going on as any.

And so, until the big shakeout comes—when wrestling no longer needs rock and can slam-dance its own way to the top, or into oblivion, or to wherever it's heading—the thing to do is try to keep the matches interesting. As a concept, maybe you match Tito (the Burrito) Santana with Julio Iglesias in a Tijuana Stretcher match. How about David Lee Roth versus the Missing Link in a one-fall California Lobotomy match. Or Ravishing Rick Rude and Brutus Beefcake facing off against Madonna and Vanity in a Chippendales Intergender Bimbo Match. Excellent demographics. Mahvelous concept!

Before you know it, we've got Kamala the Ugandan Giant and Michael Jackson in a Steel Glove match, with closed-circuit locations at every nouvelle cuisine restaurant in the country. Fabulous! Kamala turns the kid inside out, but in the final frame of the video we see Michael teaching the Giant to moonwalk. Very visual! Finally, we build to the big benefit video for Ethiopian wrestlers and call it *We Are the Hurler*. Tasteless? Of course. For that one we'll need to have the biggest stars in the business. And when we say the business, we're talking about the Industry. Some of the names we'll need are:

HULK HOGAN—Zoomed to stardom after playing bad guy named Thunderlips in *Rocky III*. Hulkamania! Before that, was a journeyman heel wrestling under the name Sterling Golden. "I was a young kid, lost and misguided," explains Hulkster. But silent was Golden. Conversion followed in which Hulk developed "a relationship with the Big Dude upstairs." No more heel. Now he's the ultimate babyface to the baby-boomers,

continued

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RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

MAT MANIA *continued*

who don't seem to mind a hero with a receding hairline. Hulkamania! Not noted for wrestling technique. "His entire repertoire," says one critic, "consists of the *Eye of the Tiger*, a shredding muscle shirt, a few minutes of inept brawling and the infamous leg-drop finish out of nowhere." Tag-team partner is Mr. T. Between them not one decent head of hair.

ROWDY RODDY PIPER—The most contemptible of all wrestling heels. His prejudices are as unbounded as his mouth. The Bad Plaid was allegedly born in Scotland. Wears kilt into ring. Is hoot, mon. Reigning master of the stream-of-unconsciousness interview. When talking about wrestling, sounds like Robert Burns. "The first fight I had was just so I could eat. And as soon as they're finished with me, I'm a dead piece of meat." Says Hulk of archnemesis: "I don't know him personally, but I've heard his personal life isn't the greatest in the world. When you hate yourself, I guess you end up like Piper."

WrestleMania brought together grapplers and some of their campiest camp followers: (top row) guest ref All with the Hulkster; (bottom) manager Lauper, timekeeper Liberace and sloe-eyed Richter.

JIMMY (SUPERFLY) SNUKA—Born in Fiji Islands but left for America 20 years ago. "I took trip to Hawaii in a canoe, bruddah," Snuka says. "I just paddled over." Trip is 3,000 miles, allowing Snuka plenty of time to consider joining frequent-flyer program. In Hawaii entertained tourists by diving off cliffs. How high were cliffs? "Pretty high, bruddah." Now finishes off most matches by diving onto opponents from the top rope. Is why Superfly. In wrong business to be called Jimmy (the Dive) Snuka, anyway.

CLASSY FREDDIE BLASSIE—Manager. Also known as the Hollywood Fashion Plate because of ensembles he began wearing in the '50s. "Freddie Blassie looks like a drum major for a gay marching band," says fellow manager Heenan. Blassie insists Liberace "stole all his ideas from me." He may be right. "Lib has some lovely creations now," Blassie says wistfully. "I couldn't keep up with that. I always had to throw mine in a suitcase and go on to the next town." Major contribution to sport was coining the term "pencil-necked geeks." When still wrestling, had every rib

on right side of body broken, five on left side—one of which just missed piercing heart. Lost right kidney, has only 30% vision in right eye, and seventh through 11th thoracic vertebrae are permanently fused. Has had last rites administered twice and has been stabbed at least 20 times by fans. Used to spend six hours a day at beach but has own tanning bed now. "I get skin cancer every three or four years," he says evenly. "They just cut part of me off and tell me to stay outta the sun." Slayed 'em in Tokyo in his wrestling days. "Twenty-seven people dropped dead watching me one week in Japan," Blassie says. "In my whole career 92 people dropped dead of heart attacks. My ambition was to kill 100, and I failed."

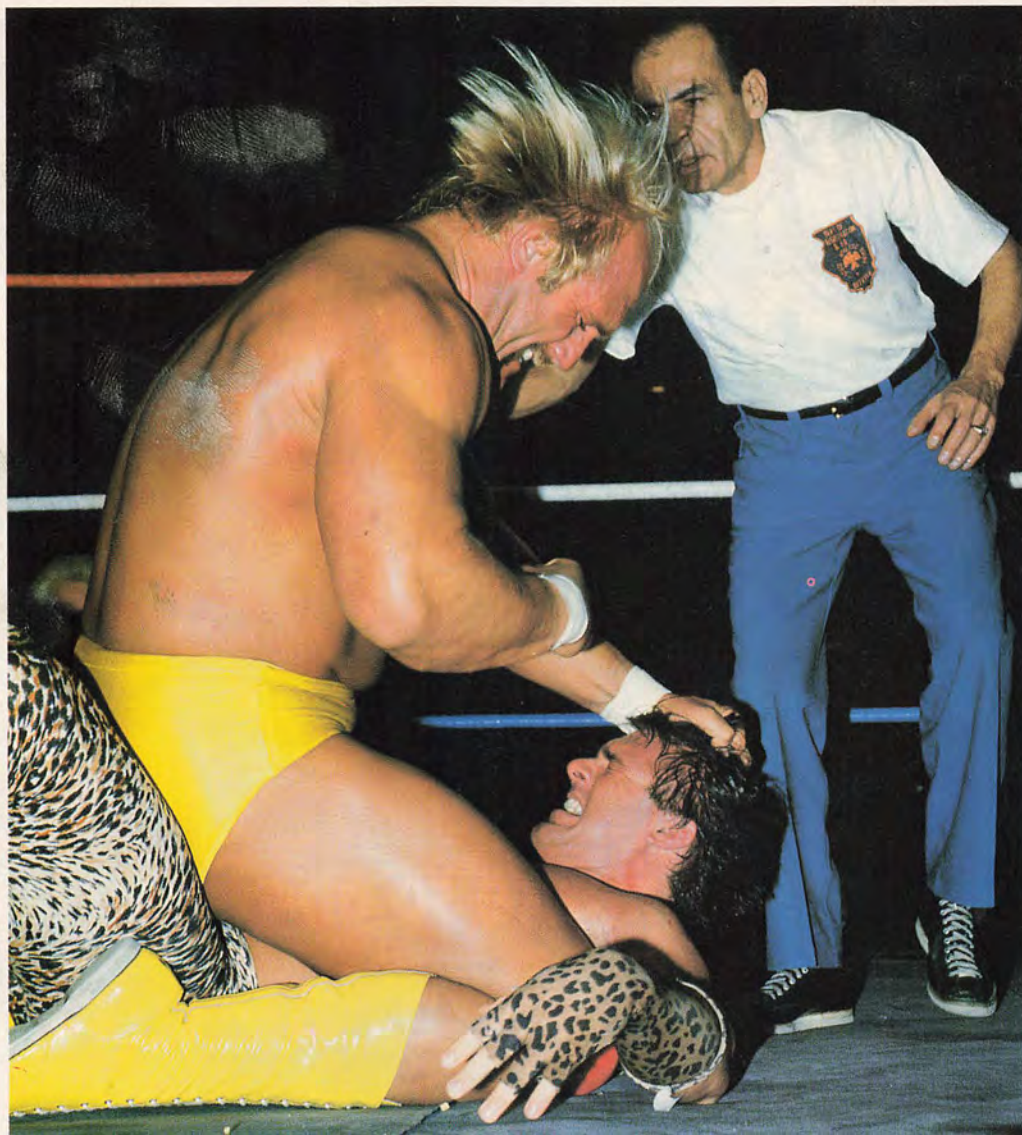
NIKOLAI VOLKOFF—On recent flight from Cleveland to Boston, plane's engines overheated, forcing emergency landing in Buffalo. When TV crews interviewing passengers got to Volkoff, he began shouting, "This never happen in Russia, only U.S.A." In March was rumored to have gone to Soviet Union to attend funeral of Konstantin

Chernenko. "I told him to just sit still and one day he'll be in charge over there," says Blassie, who manages tag team of Volkoff and Iron Sheik. "Everyone that drops dead, Volkoff moves up a notch." Makes crowd sit through grinding rendition of the Soviet national anthem before every match.

THE IRON SHEIK—"The Sheik is a great wrestler," says Blassie, "but he's not all there." Wears Arabian Nights wrestling boots with curled toes. When Sheik stomps boots against mat, secret spring releases iron plate in toes, said to result in instant death for his opponents. Born in Teheran, was a member of the Iranian Olympic Greco-Roman team in 1968. Was supposedly bodyguard for Shah, but Sheik says he and Shah were just in same aerobics dance class, and now he's big fan of Ayatollah. Noted for his dreaded Camel Clutch—which is said to draw all the blood out of a victim's brain, assuming there is one—Sheik once reigned as heavyweight champ of the

continued

Brutus Beefcake, a foppish heel, learned that it doesn't pay to be on the wrong side of Hulk's bulging bod and golden locks.



STEVE TATON/TIMESPONS



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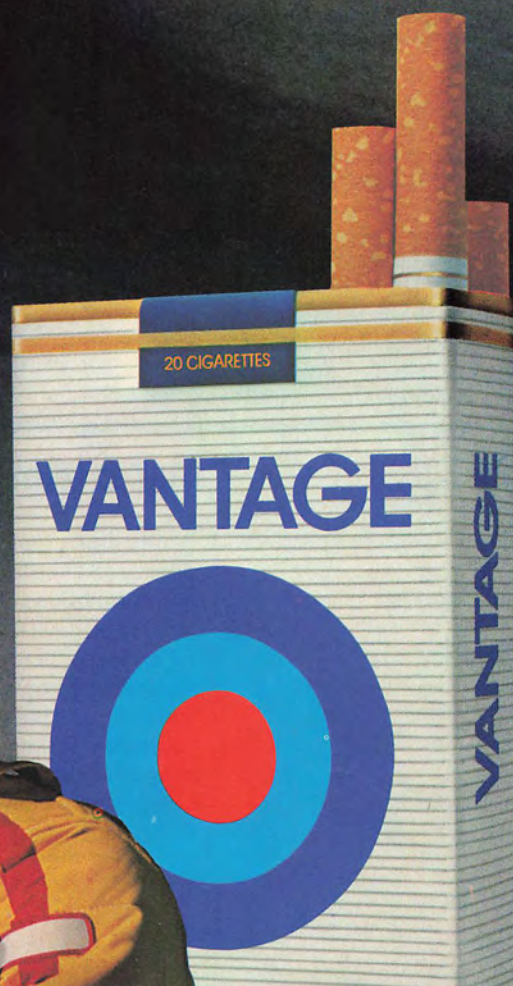
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HOW WRESTLING GOT TV IN ITS CLUTCHES

Unlike the oldtime promoters, who aired wrestling on TV stations each Saturday morning simply to sell more arena seats on Saturday night, Vince McMahon Jr. has developed an aggressive—some would say ruthless—strategy. He has tried to blanket cable TV with the WWF, thereby establishing national demand for the likes of the Hulk and Rowdy Roddy. He has syndicated

In TV terms, McMahon's empire consists of the following: three shows a week on the USA Network, including the fourth- and seventh-highest-rated in all of cable; two shows per week on WOR-TV, the New York superstation that can be picked up around the country; a weekly nationally syndicated program on 124 stations; occasional special-event shows on MTV, on pay-per-view cable services and in closed-circuit theaters; a 90-minute show that will substitute for NBC's *Saturday Night Live* once a month beginning May 11, giving wrestling a network legitimacy; and a Hulk Hogan cartoon series on CBS that will make its debut in September. McMahon says he is not out to establish a monopoly in the arenas or on the tube. Nevertheless, a number of angry promoters met at a summit conference at a hotel near Chicago's O'Hare Airport last June and formed a stop-McMahon coalition called Pro Wrestling USA. The group, led by Midwest promoter Verne Gagne, has as its TV "consultant" Chicago White Sox co-owner Eddie Einhorn. A shrewd TV operator and former network exec, Einhorn helped put together a syndicated show, *Pro Wrestling USA*, for a weekend morning slot on WPIX-TV, another New York superstation. The WPIX time is costing a steep \$440,000 a year.

But Gagne and his cohorts appear to be too disorganized to cause McMahon much trouble, and he dismisses them with contempt. "The first meeting they had, all they could agree on was that they hate me and that they're going to do everything possible to put us out of business," he says. "The second meeting, they couldn't even agree on ordering lunch." Indeed, Einhorn says the group's best hope is that McMahon will tap out while compensating stations for airtime.

One chink in McMahon's armor may have

been revealed March 31 when he was forced off Ted Turner's WTBS superstation. He had produced two taped shows a week for Turner, *World Championship Wrestling* and *The Best of World Championship Wrestling*, which had a combined audience of 3.5 million homes and ranked second and third among cable-TV series. The rub was that Turner—who last fall, McMahon says, was looking to buy the WWF instead of CBS—couldn't abide the fact that cable viewers could see almost identical McMahon shows on the USA Network, a direct competitor. "Ted just couldn't handle it. It ate him up," McMahon says. In the end, McMahon reportedly turned a \$500,000 profit with a complex deal in which, essentially, he sold his time on WTBS to Jim Crockett (major star: Dusty Rhodes), a North Carolina promoter who is now Turner's resident wrestling guru.

Where do the TV wars go from here?

For one thing, ESPN is considering a prime-time wrestling show. Because McMahon is at USA and Crockett is at WTBS, either Cowboy Bill Watts of Mid-South wrestling (who has Kamala), Dallas promoter Fritz Von Erich (the Von Erich boys, the Freebirds) or the Gagne-Einhorn group (Sgt. Slaughter, Bob Backlund) probably will land at ESPN. Meanwhile, nobody should expect McMahon and his entourage to tap out tomorrow. By McMahon's own estimate, his *WrestleMania* extravaganza grossed \$12 million on the live, pay-per-view and closed-circuit gate as well as on the sale of T shirts, caps, posters and the like. He will get a reported \$450,000 per show for his *Saturday Night Live* productions and a royalty in six figures for the cartoon series.

—WILLIAM TAAFFE



STEVE TAYLOR/TRANSPO

When Andre the Giant did a guest gig, McMahon was the host with the most.

his glitzy style of wrestling in every major TV market in America, hoping to lure national sponsors and striking at the very base of his competitors' business. In some cities—St. Louis and San Francisco among them—he paid stations more than \$100,000 a year to put him on the air. McMahon says he has been warned more than once that he'll wind up at the bottom of a river if he persists in playing hardball on his competitors' turf. "They're mad at me, because now they have to work for a living," he says.

MAT MANIA *continued*

WWF, a fact that "disgusted the entire professional wrestling fraternity," according to an obviously disillusioned *New York Times*.

SGT. SLAUGHTER—Started as Marine Corps DI heel who threatened "punks and maggots" in stands that if he ever got them in his platoon he'd make them "kiss my combat boots." Became a babyface by taking on reviled minions of Communism and battling Iron Sheik in famed Boot Camp match. Now bills himself as "the greatest living American hero," distinction "living" in

deference to the Duke. Does commercial for Statue of Liberty fund-raising drive. "There's only one lady in my life," says the Sarge, "and her name is Liberty." The Sarge defected from WWF stable in January, insisting he wanted a bigger piece of merchandising of his Cobra Corps paramilitary paraphernalia.

BOBBY (THE BRAIN) HEENAN—Manager, also known as the Weasel. Travels wrestling circuit over 300 days a year. Avoids being bothered on airplanes by pretending to be dead. Is happily married despite obvious strains of life on the road. "If he *didn't* travel 300 days a year I'd prob-

ably go insane," says Mrs. Weasel. "People think these guys aren't really crazy, but they are. My mother won't even come to visit us anymore when Bobby's at home. She can't stand the bedlam." Wishes he had started career wearing hood "so I could go to more normal events in the community, like church." Turn-offs: "I'm tired of seeing Big John Studd naked. Enough's enough."

CAPTAIN LOU ALBANO—Manager. Has pierced face, with rubber bands hanging from tiny rings and safety pins in left cheek. Once, after beating some tag-team opponents into sub-

mission with a whip, he purposely cut his arm and let them suck his blood. Now trains his charges on more conventional regimen of unborn goat's milk. Has been in three rock videos.

ANDRE THE GIANT—Drank 127 beers in Reading, Pa. hotel bar, then passed out cold in lobby. At 7' 4" and 505 pounds—and rumored to be still growing—he was too big for hotel staff to move him. So they threw sheet over his body and used him as lobby art until he came to. Recently, in New York City, people started ripping his

continued



KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

With the Hulkster in a heap on the turnbuckles, the handwork of Rowdy Roddy Piper's tag-teammate Paul Orndorff enters the ring. Say, boys and girls, let's see if we can guess Mr. Orndorff's nickname.





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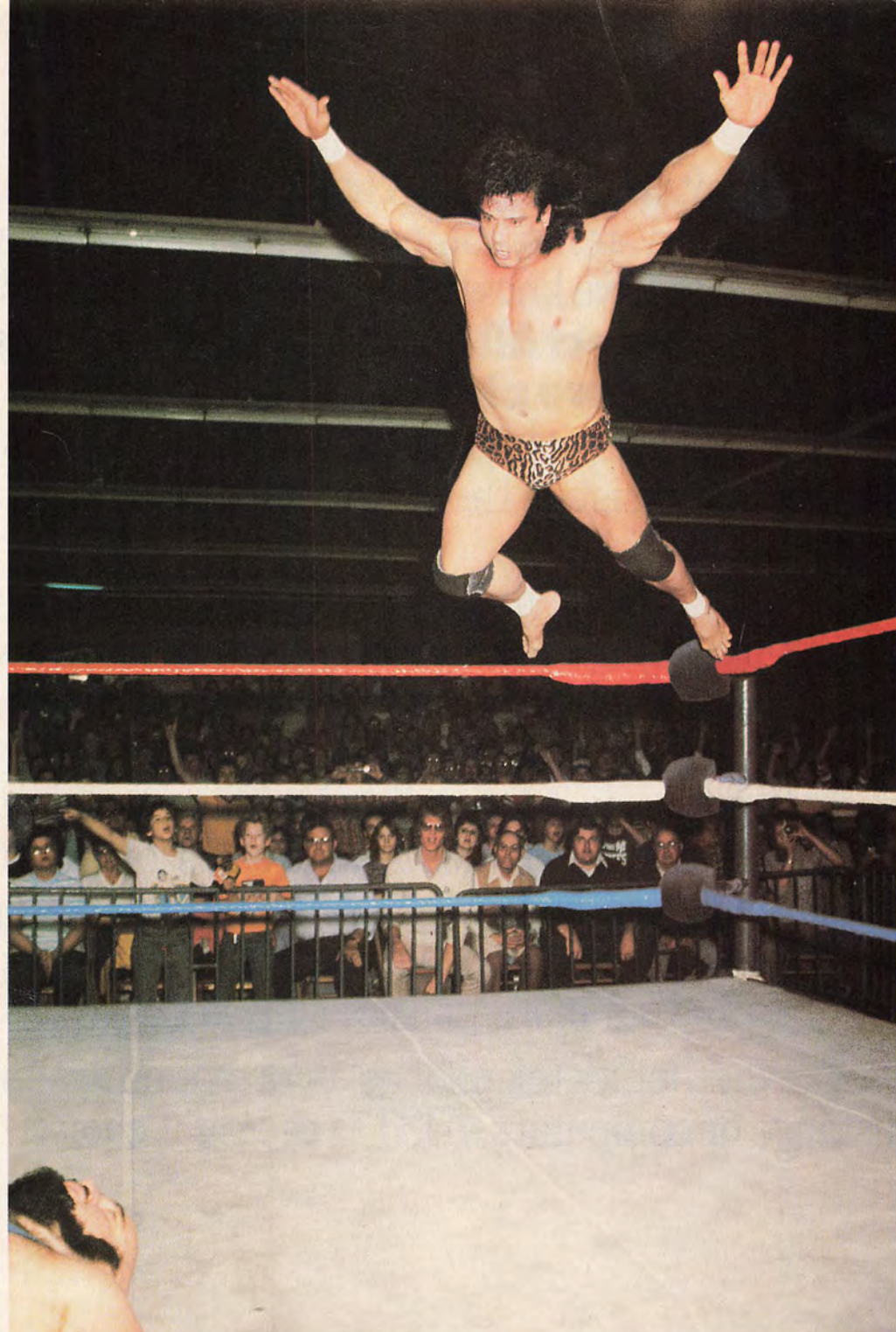
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Jimmy (Superfly) Snuka takes off from the top rope, to the joy of his fans. His flight plan includes a soft landing on a rival, followed by a pin.



STEVE TAYLOR/TITANSports

MAT MANIA *continued*

clothes off as he walked down street to French restaurant. Had to jump in police car to escape. At restaurant he and three friends ran up \$2,700 tab. Frequently has problem with maids sneaking into his hotel room to photograph him while he's sleeping.

BIG JOHN STUDD—Carries around plastic sandwich bag containing locks of Andre the Giant's hair. Studd, the Weasel and tag-team partner Ken Patera actually cut Andre's hair while the Giant lay unconscious (in ring, not hotel lob-

by), thus "raping his dignity," according to Vince McMahon. How is Studd different from other wrestlers? "I'm 6' 10", and I'm a natural blond," he says. Also, he's *such* a bitch.

At Madison Square Garden three years ago, ring announcer Howard Finkel stepped to the microphone between bouts to ask fans not to throw things into the ring, at which point a chair went flying past his head. "That moment pretty much summed up the sport for me," longtime fan Taylor Ganz says appreciatively.

Wrestling has always attracted a very special

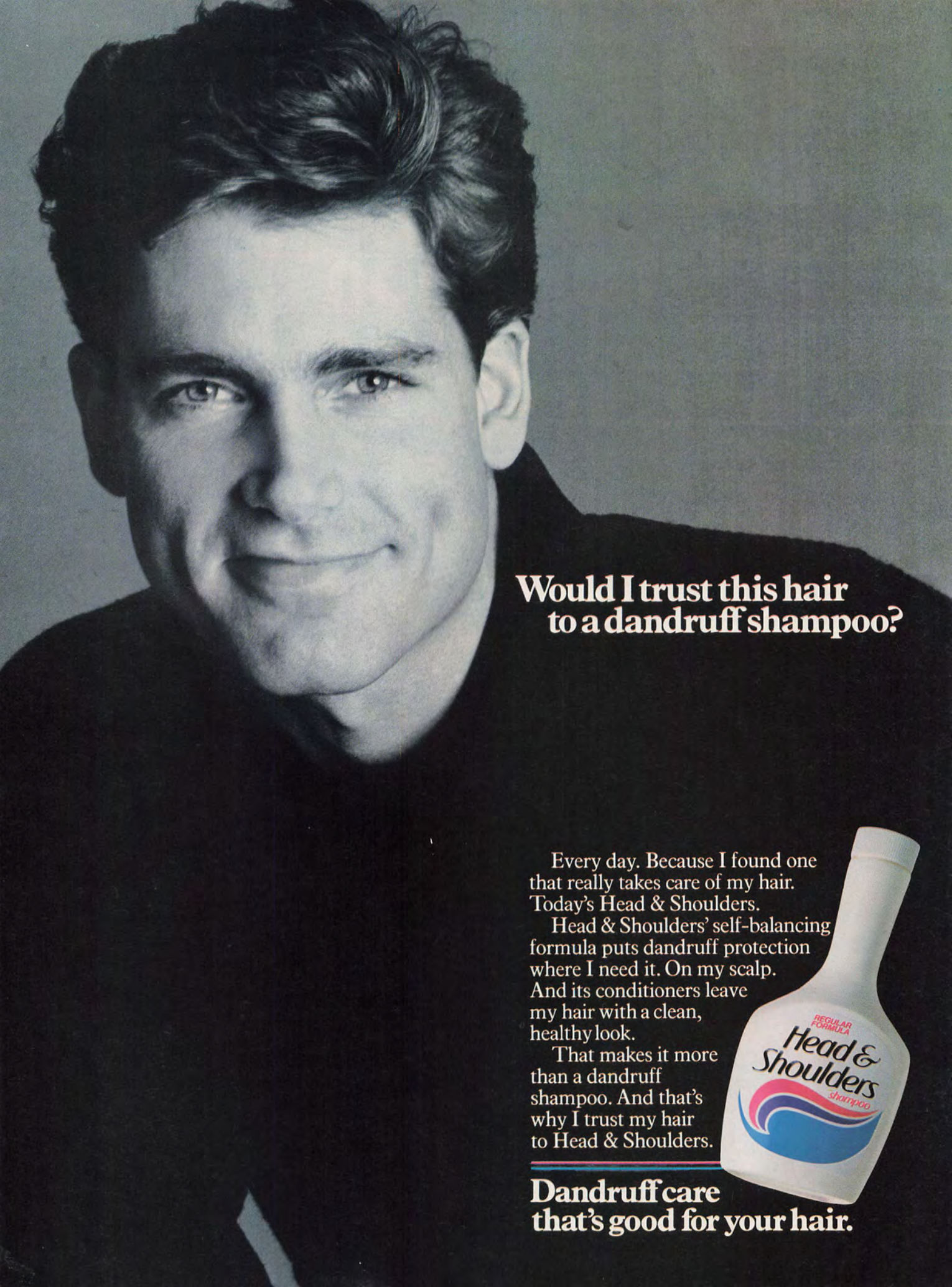
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FITNESS NUTRITION and SPORTS

maybe you're like me. I'm in pretty good health, and I've tried to stay fit. I once ran eight miles daily. I used to lift weights every other day. But lately I've been too busy to make it to the gym. Between plane flights, meetings and work, I haven't had time to jog. In fact, right now I'm probably in the worst shape of my life.

I don't need to be told about the benefits of good exercise and sound nutrition. I know research shows that three weekly half-hour aerobic workouts can help diminish depression; that 10 miles of jogging a week can help transform a crazed Type A into a more placid Type B; that fitness is supposed to add years to your life.

But I never pursued fitness for those reasons. The more the body is used the more efficient it becomes, which is the simplest rationale I have for wanting to shape up. When I was fit I really did feel better. I could bound up stairs to answer the phone and not sound as though I'd just finished climbing the Rockies.

Deciding to get back into shape, I set out to learn how to do it. I wasn't interested in all the chicanery out there. Total Fitness In Only 10 Minutes. Shape Up Quickly While You Sleep. Dr. Emmanuel's 10-Day Miracle Fitness Diet. I sought scientific advice to put me on the fitness trail without torturing my body or my psyche. I talked to experts, and waded through mountains of books on the subject. What I learned was that fitness and nutrition are subjects fraught with worthless claims, conflicting theories, lunatic

dietary regimens, bizarre training tactics and legions of gurus, charlatans and modern-day elixir salesmen.

The truth about fitness is that there is no magic formula, no nifty blend of 13 exercises and 14 diet tips to whip you into shape overnight. Promising fitness shortcuts that really work is a little like expecting a college education from a mail-order house. You get out of a program only what you invest in it. This section will help you invest wisely. It's for everyone who seeks fitness—for those who've never undertaken a fitness program and for those who seek to shape up after a long winter of indolence. And if you're already in shape—lucky devil—it will help you stay that way.

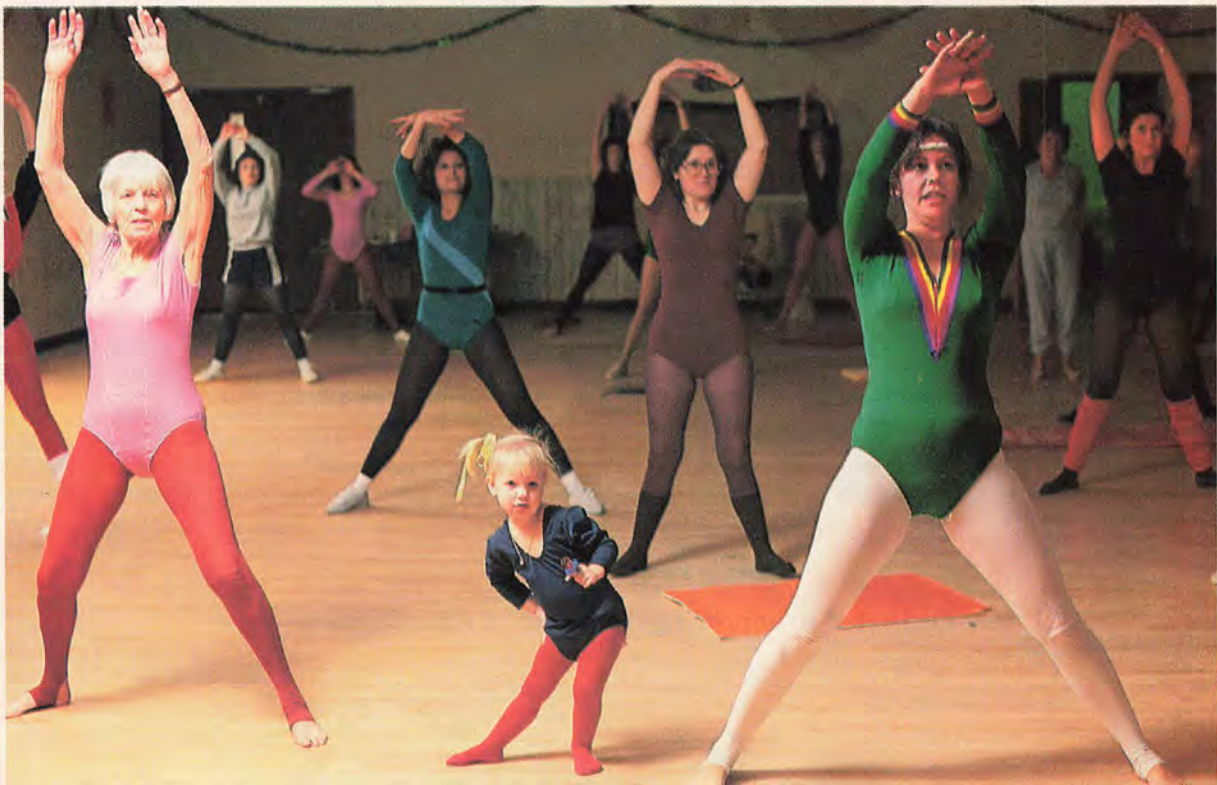
What is fitness? The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports defines fitness as "the ability to carry out daily tasks with vigor and alertness, without undue fatigue and with ample energy to enjoy leisure-time pursuits and to meet unforeseen emergencies."

How fit are you? Unfortunately, few of us know how fit we really are—and that can be dangerous. *Before embarking on any fitness program, get a complete medical checkup and acquaint your physician with your proposed exercise and nutritional plans so that he or she can ascertain if they are right for you.*

For a true measure of fitness, many exercise physiologists believe you need a more extensive exam, one that evaluates muscle strength, power and endurance; flexibility; the relationship of lean body mass to fat; and cardiac and pulmonary endurance. With a detailed profile of how your body responds to exercise, these experts can tailor a program to your needs. After your medical checkup, your doctor can probably direct you to a facility equipped to develop just such a fitness prescription.

The first step. With a fix on your relative fitness, you're ready to start improving. The shakier your shape, the

Three generations, here happily exercising in class together, pursue the goal of fitness.



FITNESS NUTRITION and SPORTS

more conservative your approach. Everyone responds to exercise differently, depending upon conditioning level, age, sex, body type, activity and diet. Women, for instance, generally progress at a rate 50% slower than men do on the same training program. Says Dr. James Skinner, professor of physical education at Arizona State in Tempe, "In any group, there will be those who are younger, faster and fitter. Simply compete with yourself and follow a fitness program geared to your particular capacities."

Take it easy. If you haven't worked out for several months, resist the urge to attack the weights or the jogging track at your former intensity. Dr. Brian Sharkey, author of *Physiology of Fitness* and a consultant to the U.S. Ski Team, feels rapid acceleration can actually be hazardous. "We feel it dangerous if our skiers jump training mileage by more than 10% at a time." Generally, the slower you gain something, the longer it will stay with you. "The amount of time it takes to gain fitness—and this is rough—is approximately equal to the amount of time it takes to lose it," says Dr. Michael Yessis, professor of physical education at Cal State/Fullerton and a training consultant to Olympic and professional athletes.

Something to shoot for. Set goals before you start and make them realistic. Consider how long, how hard and

how often you want to work out. Dr. Ronald Mackenzie, director of the National Athletic Health Institute at Inglewood, Calif., says, "Set concrete objectives. . . . Fitness programs just don't work unless there's some positive motivation."

Critical to sticking with an exercise program is picking activities you enjoy. Torture is the worst route to fitness.

Dress for success. You should dress sensibly to work out. Avoid rubberized suits and tight waistbands; you need clothing that allows the body to vent heat through the evaporation of sweat. Wear loose-fitting, comfortable exercise suits. "You want clothes that don't bind in the action areas," says Dr. Linda Hall, director of the Cardiac Rehabilitation Unit of the La Crosse (Wisconsin) Exercise Program. "They should allow the body to perspire, leaving you warm—not hot." In cold weather, wear clothing that traps body heat. "Layers are the key," says Dr. Gabe Mirkin, the medical editor of *Runner's World* and coauthor of *The Complete Sports Medicine Book for Women*. "Wear wool or polyester, which retains insulation when wet and dries from the inside out. Wear an outer garment that has a tight weave to

If you want to for good... Your doctor can help

4 out of 5 people fail.

Fifty-six million Americans are smokers, and the majority of them want to quit. Thirty million Americans have tried...and failed. In fact, 4 out of 5 smokers who try to quit fail even short-term, and many of those who succeed short-term eventually return to smoking.

Why is it so difficult to quit smoking...for good?

There are three factors—social, psychological, and *physical*—that work together to continually reinforce the smoking habit. Social factors include the need to feel part of a peer group of smokers. Psychological factors include smoking cigarettes in stressful situations. These two factors must be addressed for smoking cessation to be successful. However, nicotine dependence is a third, often unrecognized factor that can undermine a smoker's willpower during attempts to quit.

Nicotine dependence is a powerful reinforcer of the smoking habit.

The average smoker gets more than 120,000 "nicotine jolts" in a year, as nicotine travels to the brain within 7 seconds of a puff from a cigarette. Recent studies confirm that many smokers develop a physical dependence on the nicotine derived from smoking cigarettes. Because the body becomes accustomed to the effects of nicotine, smokers trying to quit often experience withdrawal symptoms. These include craving for tobacco, irritability, anxiety, difficulty concentrating, restlessness, headache, drowsiness, and gastrointestinal disturbances.

How your doctor can help...

Treatment programs are now available to help smokers who genuinely want to quit. Your doctor can advise you on ways to overcome the physical symptoms of smoking withdrawal while dealing with your social and psychological motivations for smoking.

How a program can help...

If you sincerely want to quit and are determined to succeed, you have to confront all three factors of the smoking habit. You shouldn't expect to overcome your problem by dealing with only one factor. Your doctor can help you with all three factors by providing you with medication to overcome nicotine withdrawal, materials that address the social and psychological aspects of smoking, and valuable counseling and follow-up. Your doctor will determine what treatment is right for you.

Your doctor is the key.

Merrell Dow has conducted research in the field of smoking cessation and is providing support to health professionals to increase their effectiveness in helping patients who really want to quit for good achieve smoking cessation.

If you want to quit smoking, your chances are now better than ever before. See your doctor. Follow your doctor's advice. Once you start a quitting program, check back with your doctor to keep him or her informed of your progress. Patients who follow a program for 3 months are much more successful than those who follow one for shorter periods of time.

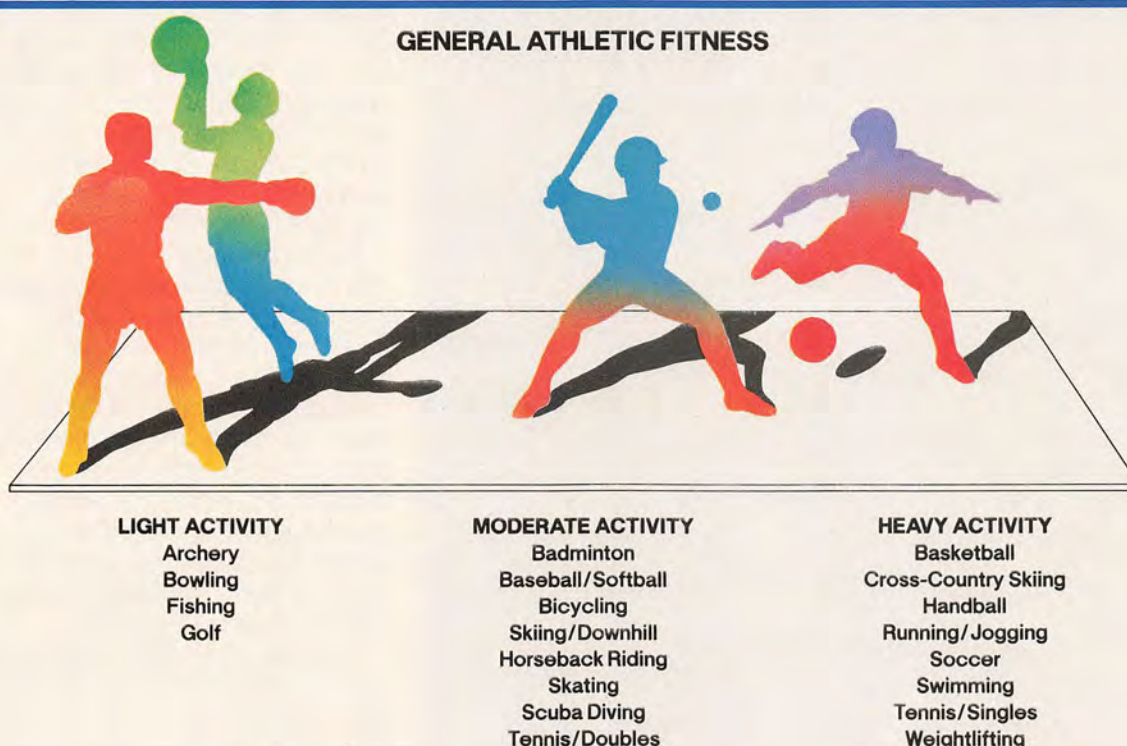
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block the wind, and an inner one that's loose to let the body breathe."

If you're a runner, good shoes are critical, and not only to prevent foot injuries. Generally, when a runner complains of pain from the lower back area, his feet may be the source of the problem. An ordinary sneaker isn't sturdy enough to support a foot that strikes the ground hundreds of times a mile. Look for a good athletic shoe with a

workout identical to the one you did on the first day of your exercise program. It'll be a snap, and a good indication of the progress you've made since that first workout seemed like an initiation into the Foreign Legion. "When you feel burned out," says Dr. Ruth Alexander, professor of physical education at the University of Florida at Gainesville and the designer of Parcours and other fitness trails, "do a little less than you know you can handle."

ALL CHARTS BY BOB CONRAD



well-padded, firm sole that is flexible at the ball of the foot, has a wide, stable heel, and a snug fit.

If you have a rickety knee or elbow—but have been medically cleared to exercise—wear a supportive elastic brace on it to minimize strain.

Always check for any special equipment such as protective goggles, special gloves, protective padding or helmets that are recommended for participation in your chosen activity.

When to work out. We're all rhythmic creatures, some alert in the morning, others peppy in the afternoon, still others energized at night. So pick a time to exercise that's in synch with your own bodily ups and downs. I once tried hoisting weights at 6:30 a.m., but my muscles moved like cement in a mixer until I switched to a more harmonious afternoon schedule.

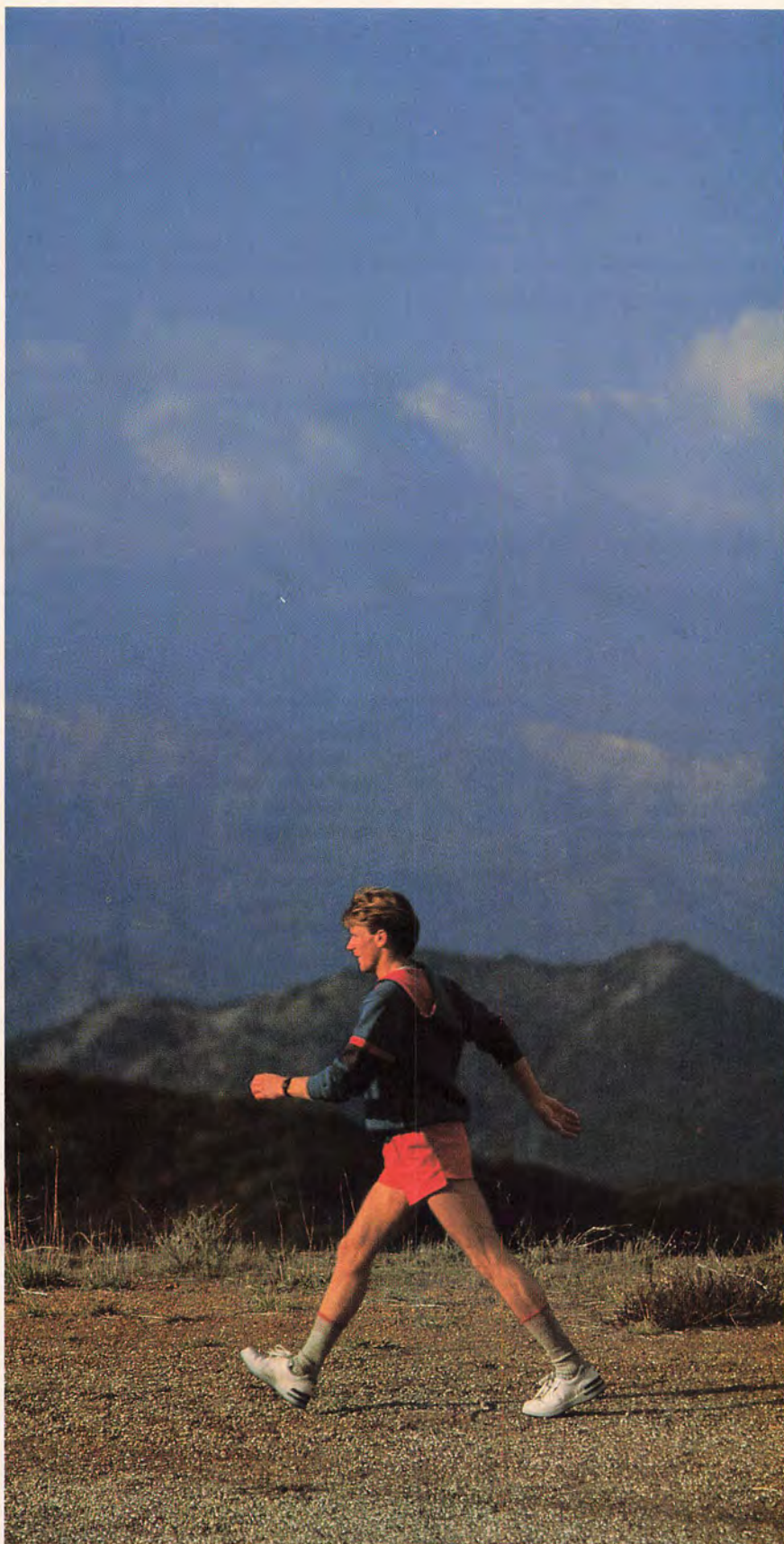
Working out when it's convenient increases the chances that you will work out. No matter how frequently you exercise, you'll hit stretches where you'd rather do anything but head to the gym, the swimming pool or the jogging track. Don't toss in the athletic shorts. Simply do a

You'll have a better chance of sticking with an exercise program if you work out with others. "Picking a partner to work out with," says Dr. Hall, "will help you through the rough spots." Exercise can become addictive, but you shouldn't feel *angst* if you skip a day.

A helping hand. Get proper guidance, especially when working out at a health club. Before signing up, investigate a club's credentials and get an evaluation of the instructors' qualifications—among the best are those certified by the American College of Sports Medicine.

Limbering up. People are often so eager to begin—or end—workouts that they skip one of the most important components of a safe, effective fitness program—the warmup. "Studies at the UCLA Medical Center suggest sudden exertion without a warmup can lead to heart rhythm irregularities and insufficient oxygen to the heart muscle," says Dr. Barry Franklin, director of Cardiac Fitness and Rehabilitation at Sinai Hospital in Detroit. "Warmups allow the heart to adapt to exercise." It has been estimated that half of all running injuries could be avoided with a proper warmup—ideally 10 to 15 minutes

Why you should walk, not run.



Everyone's rushing to get into better physical shape. So many people run there.

But it's smarter to walk.

Because of the shape, structure, and flexibility of the human skeleton, walking is the human body's most natural motion. Walking is aerobic, improves circulation, relieves stress, and reduces body fat. And while walking burns about the same number of calories as running, it's injury-free. (Running places $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 times more pressure on the muscles, joints, and bones, so runners risk an injury rate between 60% and 75%).

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FITNESS NUTRITION and SPORTS

but no less than six to eight minutes. The warmup consists of two phases: stretching and the follow-up. Start gently and boost intensity, and you'll increase elasticity of muscles and tendons and help prevent stress.

Stretching. This is critical, particularly for joggers, who are prone to a loss of flexibility in the hamstrings. Ease into stretching slowly, breathing deeply and bending gently. Stretch each joint five to 10 to 30 seconds once you achieve maximum extension.

Don't bounce to achieve the stretch, which can cause injury by forcing muscles to overextend. Avoid bending to touch your toes, which strains the lumbar vertebrae. Straightleg situps and leg lifts cause stress on the lower back and can injure the spine. Full knee bends, duck walks, squat jumps or any exercise that forces you to rest your rear on your ankles can pinch cartilage and damage ligaments. And also taboo are any stretching exercises that involve extreme arching of the back. When doing sit-ups—great for firming abdominal muscles—bend your knees to avoid back problems.

Follow-up. Many exercise physiologists recommend light five-minute cycling or a loose-limbed jog after stretching. "The best follow-up is your chosen activity at a low level of intensity," says Dr. Franklin.

Cool-down. Plan to taper your session with a five- to 10-minute cool-down afterward. This gradually restores your metabolism to its normal state. After intense exercise, when your body is at its warmest, your muscles begin to contract. Another stretching session—best conducted after a very light, five-minute jog or brisk walk—slows the heart rate and helps avoid chills and lightheadedness. Because blood pools in the lower extremities after exercise, eliminating a cool-down can dangerously rob the heart and brain of oxygen. "When you get sore the day after you've done your exercise," says Dr. Alexander, "it's often because you didn't stretch your contracted muscles. They retain a lot of waste and lactic acid. Stretching helps the circulation and thus the blood rids muscles of that acid and waste and brings in more oxygen."

Gain without pain. When you start exercising regularly, expect to feel the inevitable twinges that come with unaccustomed exertion. But the old adage, there's no gain without pain, is dangerous.

Proper warmups and cool-downs greatly reduce the intensity and frequency of muscle soreness, but you may experience some discomfort. The older you are, the longer the period between activity and the onset of soreness. Be alert to signposts of disaster. Pain in your lower back, knees or other joints during or after a workout may signal a problem requiring medical attention. Says Dr. Mirkin: "When you feel pain, stop. Period." If an injury causes intense pain, see a doctor at once.

EXERCISE

What activities? Let's look for a moment at the cornerstones of most of today's fitness programs—aerobics and weight training.

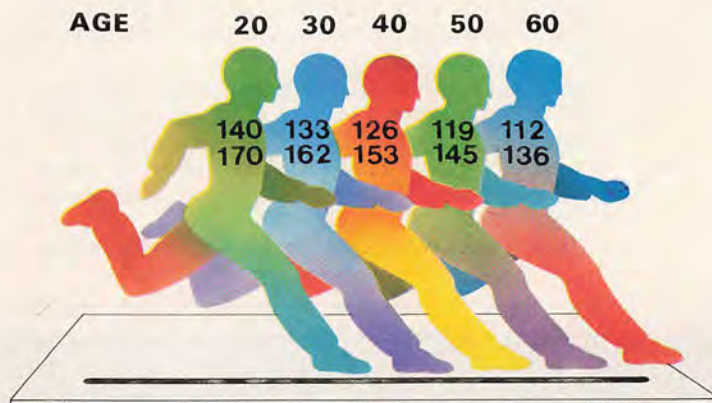
Aerobics. To boost cardiovascular endurance and improve body composition (by burning calories) you must

vigorously exercise the large muscle groups, which increases heart rate, deepens breathing, dilates blood vessels, thereby flooding muscles with more oxygen. This is best done by exercising aerobically (aerobics means "with oxygen"). Aerobic activity increases the heart's ability to process oxygen, and slows its action when at rest, increasing its pumping efficiency. How well your heart works is a measure of your cardiovascular fitness.

To condition aerobically, focus on four principles:

1. **Intensity.** Ideally, you must push your heart into what exercise physiologists call the "target heart zone"—70%

TARGET HEART RATES



to 85% of your maximum pulse rate. It's calculated by deducting your age from 220, then multiplying the result by .70 to .85. To benefit aerobically, you must hit your target heart rate for 15 to 20 minutes at a time. You can get a rough reading of your heart rate by taking your pulse at the wrist or neck for a count of six, then multiplying by 10.

2. **Frequency.** An ideal program demands no more than three to four target-zone workouts weekly. "There's no real advantage after that for the average person," says Dr. Mirkin. "The world's best marathoners and weightlifters leave themselves 48 hours between sessions. Nobody works out more—not intensely." Athletes who exceed this 48-hour limit incur a higher risk of injury.

3. **Duration.** Figure on no more than 30 minutes per session of sustained exercise, sufficient to push the heart into the target zone. "Beyond that," says Dr. Franklin, "you'll experience little of benefit to the heart and lungs, and you run the risk of injury."

4. **Type of exercise.** Dr. Franklin recommends you focus on "dynamic" aerobics—jogging, for instance—rather than "burst-type" activities like sprints. Other good aerobic conditioners include biking (at least 11 miles), swimming, walking (at least 4.5 mph) and cross-country skiing. Also good—if activity is sustained—are singles badminton, singles tennis, squash, racquetball, handball, basketball, volleyball and skating.

Calisthenics, upon which many aerobic dance programs are based, is an aerobic exercise, but you must sustain activity vigorously for 20 minutes to get any sub-

FITNESS NUTRITION and SPORTS

stantial benefit—something you will get from flat-out “dance-to-fitness” classes.

Running. There is no cheaper or more flexible form of aerobic exercise than running. Once dubbed the fast food of exercise, steady running helps burn up calories, strengthens the heart, and increases leg strength and lower-body endurance.

Running, however, doesn't improve muscle strength and many experts believe it subjects joints and muscles to a beating. It's marvelous exercise but it can be hazardous orthopedically, especially for the obese or those with back or knee problems. For them, pedaling a stationary bike might be better.

In any case, consult your doctor first. And *be careful!* “The problem with weekend runners,” says Dr. Mirkin, “is that they head out for three miles, then pull a muscle and insist on running back, thus injuring themselves. Bottom line: Take it easy when running.”

Walking. For the average sedentary person, walking is best. In fact, it's the best way to break in to exercise after an extended layoff. Says Dr. Alexander, “Walk a mile. . . . And add a quarter to a half mile each session until you're up to three miles. That's the optimum distance. Speed isn't important.”

Cover a mile at 3 mph the first day and try to build to a

2½-mile distance at the same speed by day seven.

Weight training. Weight rooms can be intimidating, especially when you're struggling to hoist puny weights amid a sea of behemoths to whom lifting 200-pound barbells seems like child's play. But remember, no two people are alike, and different physical traits cause prime athletes to excel at different sports. Those with short upper arms and deep chests are natural bench pressers. Those with long legs, narrow hips, light chest and arm muscles make good runners. Weight training builds two essential body elements: muscle endurance and strength. Strength is simply the ability to do work. It won't improve quickness, which is important in most recreational sport. But without strength, you can't exert power—strength applied quickly.

Endurance is the ability to do work efficiently over a period of time; the longer the time, the greater your endurance. Most weight-training programs are based on doing several sets of 10 repetitions apiece with a rest interval in between. Generally, lighter loads at increased reps build endurance; heavier weights at fewer reps develop strength.

When work that once was difficult seems easy, increase the work. To really develop, you must do a little



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more the next session than you did today, in the same amount of time. As with aerobic exercise, your body needs at least a day's rest between workout sessions—anything less will result in fatigue and injury. But don't lay off for more than 48 hours or you'll decondition.

Some general pointers:

- Because weightlifting can elevate blood pressure and thus put stress on the heart, *you must check with your doctor before considering any weightlifting.*

- Again, don't forget to warm up—jog a few minutes, then follow with a stretching program to get the blood flowing. Ease into weightlifting. Ask a qualified trainer to help you plan a safe, helpful lifting program suited to your needs and acquaint you with the equipment. Improper use is a quick route to serious injury.

- Don't hold your breath while lifting; it raises blood pressure and strains the heart. Breathe through your mouth. Inhale as you lower a weight; exhale while lifting.

- Lift through the full range of motion, otherwise you'll decrease your joint and muscle flexibility. Get advice from your trainer as to how to proceed.

- Rest between exercises, but no more than three minutes. When you work out on weights, the idea is to push your muscles. "You shouldn't lift and lower a weight more than 50 seconds consecutively because muscles lose

their functional ability beyond that time," says Dr. Mirkin. "Don't do more than 30 to 50 seconds per muscle. The average person should do one to two sets of 10 reps—but no more. If you lose form, you're lifting improperly." Again, consult your trainer. Massage your muscles between sets of reps—they'll recover more quickly.

- Cool down with a stretch after each workout; heavy weightlifting tends to shorten muscles (especially the hamstrings).

Basic fitness program. To develop strength, power, endurance and speed, you need an all-round program. An ideal fitness regimen offers activities that are continuous, rhythmic and involve the entire body. Weight training improves muscular strength and endurance; stretching increases flexibility; and aerobic exercise boosts cardiovascular efficiency.

"As we age," says Dr. Sharkey, "we experience a diminished muscular capability, so strength training is particularly beneficial. When we're younger, we should at least do stretching and abdominal exercises for minimal muscular fitness." In fact, many fitness experts believe that before undertaking any aerobic exercise that's likely to strain joints and muscles, you should undergo a strength-building program.

Fit to play. If you seek fitness as part of developing a



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FITNESS NUTRITION and SPORTS

specific skill—a commanding serve, a triumphant finish-line surge, a powerhouse drive—then you've struck on a valuable incentive to exercise. You'll gain by understanding each activity's unique demands and benefits. It's easier if you maintain basic year-round fitness, particularly if you're a seasonal athlete. Otherwise you'll need to start training for your chosen activity at least six weeks before serious competition.

No two physical activities require the same blend of performance demands and no specific sport conditions totally. Generally, the best training is that which mimics the motions and nature of the chosen sport.

Here's a brief fitness profile of the major recreational sports:

Basketball. Excellent for building endurance and for aerobic conditioning. To play effectively, you must already have good muscular strength, endurance and cardiovascular conditioning. Because it's tough on the knees and other joints, you need flexibility and strong joints.

Bowling. Requires upper body strength, strong wrists, arms and middle body (otherwise you can injure yourself when releasing the ball). Bowling's a bad bet for those with lower back problems.

Cycling. An excellent sport for everyone in the family; for the aged; for the overweight; an excellent cardiovas-

cular conditioner if you pedal vigorously and continuously.

Handball, squash and racquetball. At peak, these sports condition the heart, lungs and muscles. You'll need moderate upper and lower body strength. Says Dr. Alexander, "For sports like racquetball, stretching is a crucial part of training. The ability to reach, stretch and turn is what makes good players."

Softball. Softball is of minimum fitness value because a lot of your time is spent sitting or standing. Training should emphasize stretching and a moderate weight program.

Snow skiing. Cross-country skiing is one of the best all-around cardiovascular conditioners. If you're not fit to begin with, then start slow and easy. Alpine skiing offers a fine cardiovascular workout if you're tackling runs longer than 10 minutes. To lower your risk of injuries, concentrate on stretching and lower-body work. If you have bad knees, check with your doctor and plan to spend several months conditioning the thigh muscles.

Swimming. It used to be said that swimming "softens" muscles and inhibits development of bulk. In truth, swimming, sustained and rhythmic, is an ideal cardiovascular conditioner, building flexibility and muscle endurance. It's particularly good for the overweight, or those with hip, knee or ankle problems. You must swim about 30 yards per minute to really benefit.

Skating. Whether on wheels or blades, this offers a good workout for all major muscle groups, and vigorous skating will really burn up the calories.

Tennis. Singles tennis, if played strenuously, offers a workout for heart and lungs and is excellent for toning, flexibility and balance; training should stress the development of muscular and cardiovascular endurance.

Volleyball. At the upper levels of competition this sport requires peak cardiovascular condition, upper body strength and flexibility.

Water skiing. The fitter you are, the harder you can ski. This builds muscular strength and endurance, but to what degree depends on the length of continuous activity. A preseason workout should be exactly the same as one for snow skiing.

EXERCISING FOR CARDIOVASCULAR CONDITIONING



SPORT	CALORIES*	FITNESS VALUE
RUNNING (5.5 mph)	10-11	Excellent
JOGGING (5 mph)	8-10	Excellent (endurance builder)
SKIING/DOWNHILL	8-10	Good (not for endurance)
TENNIS/SINGLES	7-8	Very good (30-minute steady play)
CYCLING (10-11 mph)	6-8	Very good (continuous pedaling)
WALKING (4-5 mph)	6-8	Very good (30 minutes vigorously)
BADMINTON/VOLLEYBALL	5-6	Good (if continuous play)
GOLF/CARRYING CLUBS	5-6	Good (if sufficiently taxing)

*Calories burned per minute.

NUTRITION

Eating to be fit. There is more hype and misinformation peddled under the guise of sound nutrition that one can't be blamed for believing there's no right way to eat. "The most common nutritional mistake people make is listening to pseudonutritionists who prescribe megadoses of B vitamins, wheat germ, protein supplements and the like," says Dr. James Kenney, director of Nutritional and Dietary Services at Alta Institute in Los Angeles. "At the other extreme is the idea that once you're exercising, you can eat anything. Both are wrong." So what's trenchant advice and what's merely trendy?

Don't starve. First, a word about dieting. When people say they want to become fit, many really mean they want to lose weight, and some hope to do it without exercise. A few facts about diet and exercise:

When dieting without exercise, much of the weight you lose is in the form of fluids, organ tissue and muscle—not fat. Thus, dieting without exercise can actually increase fat content, and with it the risk of ill health. Conversely, ex-



"Oh! It's Fruit and... and,
we love it!"

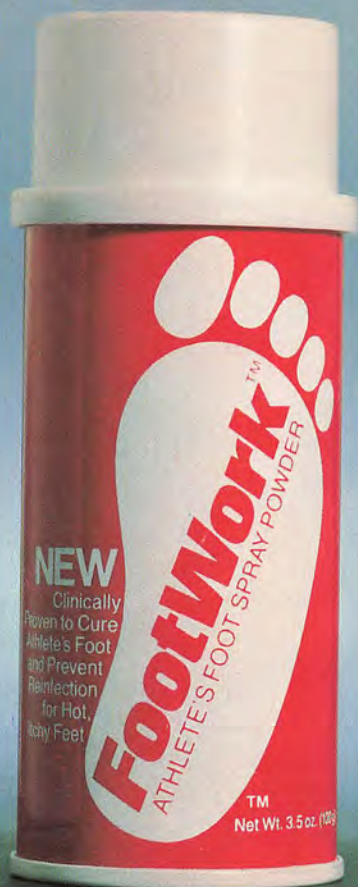


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ercise shapes, tones and eliminates fat.

Not only is dieting a misery and difficult to maintain, but done incorrectly, it can rob you of vital nutrients because, unless you're dieting under strict medical supervision, it's almost impossible to maintain lasting weight reduction.

Fad diets don't usually last, and when you stop, the pounds often return with a vengeance. Conversely, the more you exercise, the more active you become—and the more calories you burn.

This isn't to suggest that weight loss through a combination of good nutrition and exercise is easy. It isn't. And this varies depending upon your metabolism, what you eat, and even when—a pound of fat is equal to 3,500 calories. To burn off a pound by exercise alone you must walk 36 miles, play 11 hours of volleyball or chop wood for seven hours.

Still exercise is the most important component of weight loss. For every excess pound you carry, you need to trim 10 calories off your daily diet. To burn 100 calories, you must exercise in the target heart zone for eight to 12 minutes.

Endurance programs of running, cycling or swimming will offer quick results, but you shouldn't attempt to lose more than three pounds a week. That is what most physicians advise their patients.

Some people genuinely need vitamin supplements, but let your doctor determine if you're one of them. A daily vitamin supplement is fine—but only as health insurance—and vitamins needn't be expensive to be beneficial.

All this assumes that you've got a proper diet to begin with. A proper diet is one that draws from the four major food groups—dairy, meat, fruits and vegetables, and grain. The Cooper Clinic of the Aerobics Center in Dallas, Texas, under the direction of Dr. Kenneth Cooper, founder of the center and author of *Running Without Fear*, suggests that a well-balanced diet should consist of 20%-30% fat, 10%-12% protein and 60%-65% complex carbohydrates—a ratio that is generally accepted.

Many people haven't a clue as to whether their diet is adequate. Says Dr. Maria Simonson, director of the Health, Weight and Stress Program at Johns Hopkins University, "You'd do well to see a registered dietician. . . . Have him or her analyze your diet scientifically. That will help you with what I call the holy trinity—activity, proper nutrition, and knowing yourself."

Nutritionists now agree that the average American eats far too much meat, a source of fattier forms of protein. Too much protein unduly taxes the liver and kidneys and may drain your body of calcium. There's now compelling evidence linking a high-fat diet with heart disease and breast, prostate and colon cancer. "Our diet is around 40% fat," says Dr. David Levitsky, associate professor of nutritional sciences and psychology at Cornell. "You really need to give up meat altogether to get down to 20% fat. That's unrealistic for the average person, but everybody should move toward cutting down. . . ."

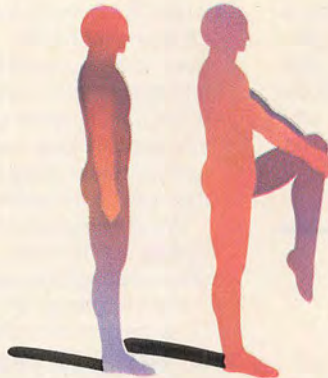
Carbohydrates is the only food group presently not linked to any leading killer and that furnishes the bulk of

FIVE WARM UP EXERCISES



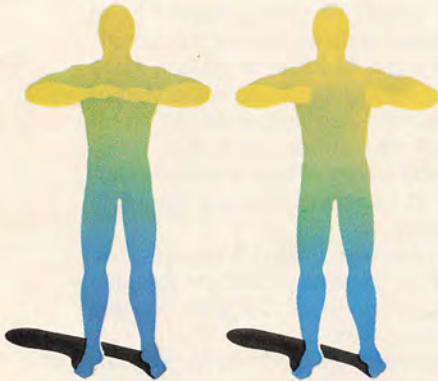
BEND AND STRETCH

With feet apart, knees flexed, slowly bend forward, stretching gently downward. Then slowly straighten up. Repeat 10 times.



KNEE LIFT

Stand with feet together. Raise left knee as high as possible, grasping leg and pulling knee against body. Keep back straight. Lower leg and do the same with right leg. Repeat each 10 times.



SHOULDER STRETCH

Bend elbows at shoulder height. Clench fists in front of chest, knuckles touching. Thrust elbows backward without arching the back. Repeat 20 times.



ARM CIRCLES

Stand with arms extended sideways, palms up. Rotate arms in small backward circles. Then turn palms down and rotate in forward direction. Repeat each 15 times.



HALF KNEE-BENDS

Stand with hands on hips. Then bend knees halfway, and extend arms forward, palms down. Repeat 10 times.

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the body's energy. For the athletic and sedentary alike, a diet higher in such complex carbohydrates as pasta, potatoes, whole wheat breads and rice will add fiber to your diet, thereby speeding digestion and fueling your body with vitamins, minerals and protein—vegetable, not animal, protein. Moreover, the pasta and potatoes won't line your arteries with cholesterol.

WEIGHTS AT WHICH OBESITY BEGINS

HEIGHT	WEIGHT
MEN	
5' 6"	174
5' 7"	178
5' 8"	181
5' 9"	185
5' 10"	188
5' 11"	192
6' 0"	196
6' 1"	200
6' 2"	205
WOMEN	
5' 2"	150
5' 3"	154
5' 4"	157
5' 5"	161
5' 6"	164
5' 7"	168
5' 8"	172
5' 9"	175
5' 10"	179

Adults of medium build between 25 and 59.
Including clothes and allowing for 1" heels.



For true nutritional fitness, here are some tips:

- Eat more fresh fruits and vegetables, a fine source of vitamins and minerals. If raw, so much the better. Fruits offer natural sugars and contain pectin, a substance that can help lower cholesterol levels.
- Cut back on sugar, which comprises a quarter of the calories consumed by the average American. Most sugars offer little more than empty calories. Sugar can also be addictive, and may cause acid indigestion.
- Reduce intake of cholesterol, found in meat, egg yolks, some shellfish and dairy products. High cholesterol levels have been linked to heart disease, and because the body manufactures enough cholesterol to satisfy your needs, the less you consume, the better.
- Steer clear of salt. Some people are sensitive to salt, and research clearly links hypertension to excessive salt

intake. Even if you don't add salt to your food, you already consume far more in most prepared foods than the half-gram a day scientists say we need. Too much salt can hamper athletic performance because it literally sucks water out of the cells. When exercising for an hour or two, you actually lose very little salt because your body adjusts to retain adequate levels. Never take salt tablets—they can be dangerous.

While everyone will be well served by following the preceding nutrition tips, those embarking on a fitness program need to be especially careful. Consider:

- Drink plenty of water, especially when exercising. "The major nutritional problem in beginner athletes," says Dr. Kenney, "is dehydration. The thirst mechanism just isn't a reliable indicator of water need." We require a minimum of six glasses of water daily, and water loss increases fatigue and decreases endurance. Dr. Kenney suggests you weigh yourself before and after exercise. "Don't wait until after exercising to replace water." You shouldn't lose more than a pound, which is equivalent to a pint of water.

- Watch for so-called "runner's anemia," or iron deficiency. It's unclear precisely what causes the drop in iron levels and while it's more prevalent in runners, it also plagues swimmers and cyclists—especially women. It can result in loss of strength and endurance, easy tiring, shortened attention span and loss of visual perception. Have your doctor check your hemoglobin levels at the start of your total fitness program and then several months later. If they're low, you probably need an iron supplement.

- If you want to do your personal best, it's wise to abstain from eating three to four hours prior to engaging in your chosen sports activity.

- Make sure you eat plenty of fruits rich in potassium, which can be depleted by exercise. Potassium loss can cause muscle cramping and weakness. Bananas, oranges and grapefruits are ideal sources.

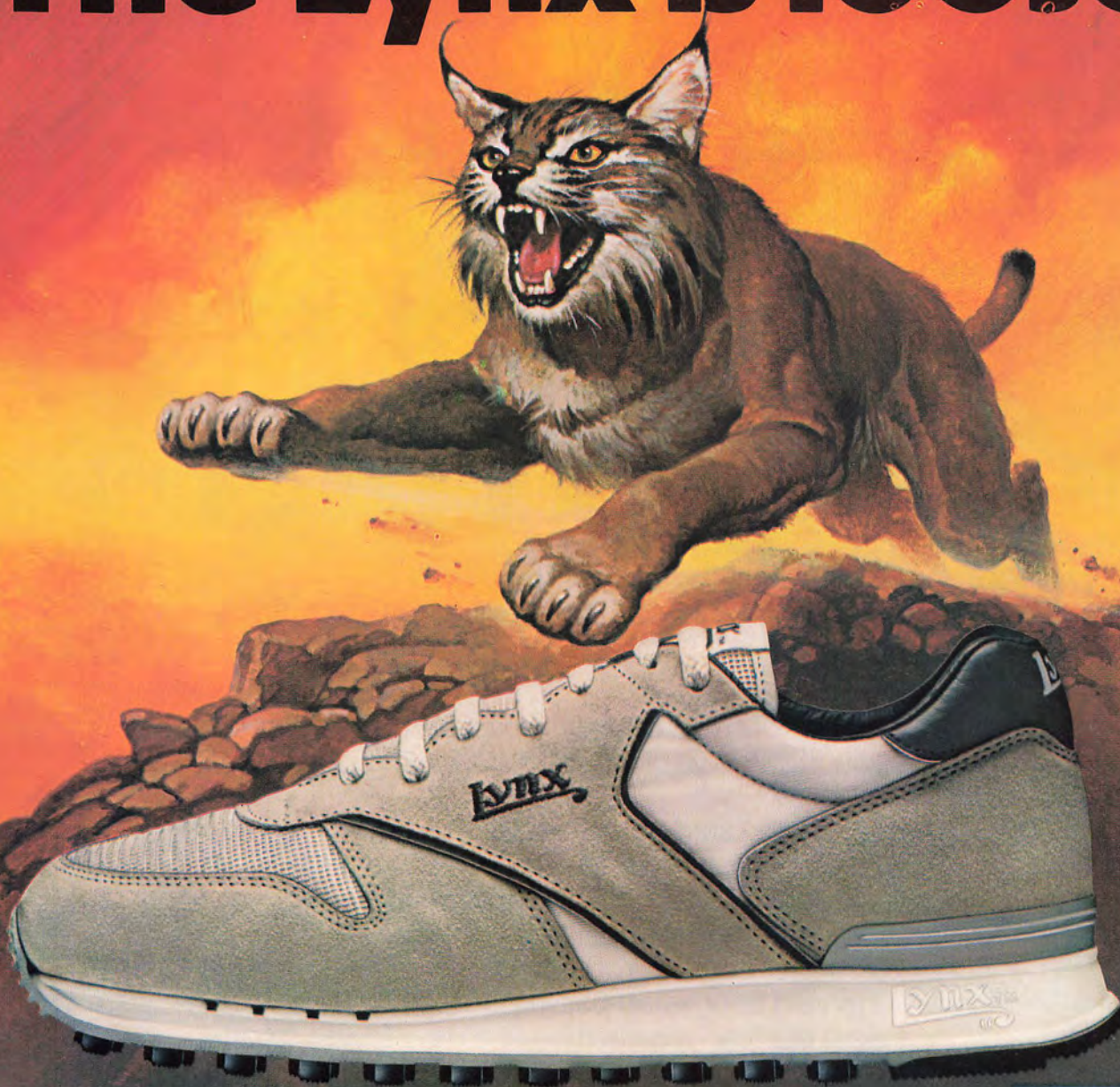
- If you must snack, head for the raw fruits and vegetables. Avoid nuts, which may be difficult for some people to digest and are high in calories.

- Pay attention not only to *what* you eat but *when* you eat. You'll find breakfast the most important meal of the day. Without it, you'll tire by midmorning and overeat at lunch. Skip lunch and you're likely to be ravenous by dinner—and prone to overeating. It's better to eat six mini-meals than to eat three big ones; your digestive system will work more efficiently. Plan to eat lightly at night.

The final analysis. Fitness is a goal achieved by the combination of a carefully planned, nutritionally sound diet and a carefully planned, athletically sound exercise program. Someone once said there's a beauty in fitness which no art can enhance. Begin gently, build slowly, maintain sensitivity to pain and a disdain for gimmickry. Walk places. Move vigorously through life. And remember that total fitness gives you something to look forward to. A trimmer, firmer, more attractive body capable of lots of healthful, energetic activity.

by Vance Topham

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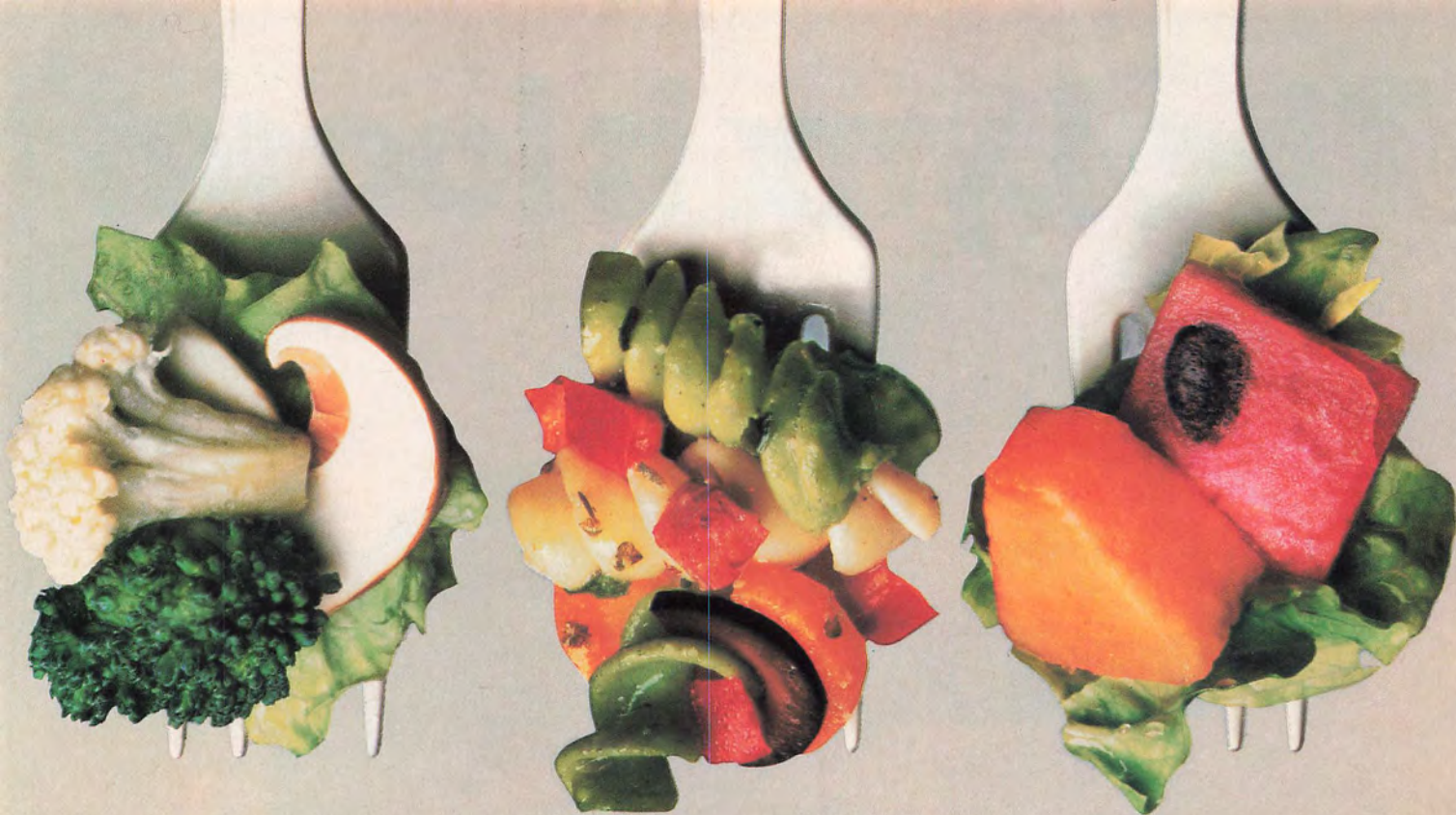
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So go ahead. Feast. Wendy's Light Menu is your license to eat.

WENDY'S[®] LIGHT MENU

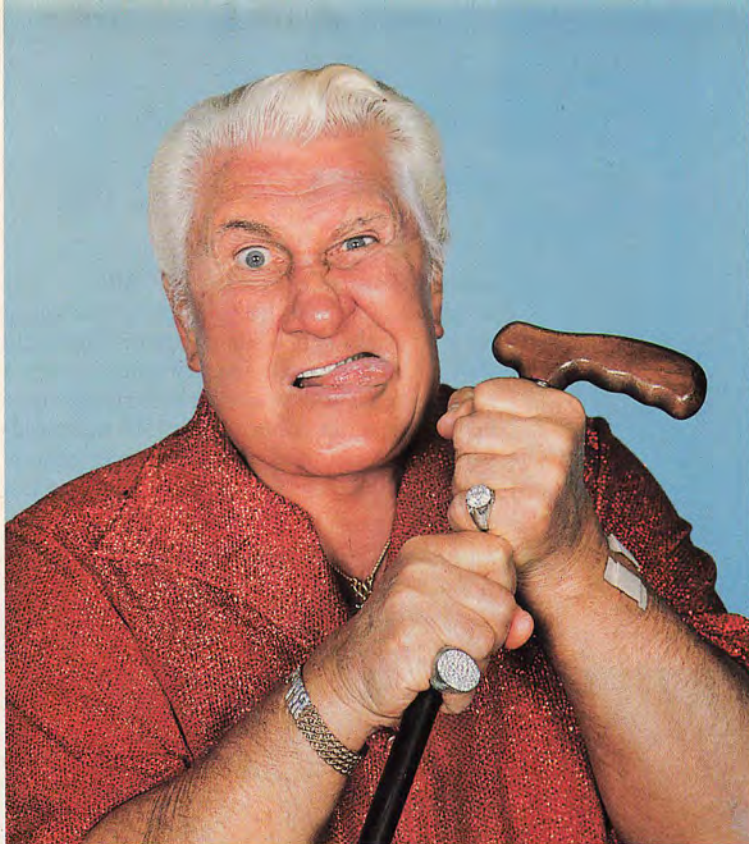
MAT MANIA *continued*

group of fans, many of whom may eventually be eligible for parole. Unlike areas of sports or show biz in which the stars often seem remote from the crowd, wrestling has nurtured a sense of intimacy between participants and fans. The bond is based on mutual respect and a kind of love, if you will. Ganz and brother-in-law Rick Hunnewell, like most of wrestling's diehard followers, take comfort in knowing that the trend will always move in whatever direction the fans want it to.

The wrestlers themselves have a joke that goes, "What has 14 teeth and an IQ of 50?" Answer: "The first 10 rows of any wrestling crowd." They don't mean it, of course. Their affection for the fans is heartfelt. "The thing that scares me most about wrestling fans," says Bobby Heenan, "is that they can vote and they can breed."

Heenan is an example of someone who developed a special rapport with the audience. "One

continued



RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN



RONALD G. MOORE

Classy Freddie Blassie pretty much confines himself to managing nowadays, but when the occasion arises he'll lay on a couple of licks with his dreaded cane, thus proving you can't keep a good heel down.

The Iron Sheik and Nikolai Volkov, no friends they of the American way, force fans to endure taped renditions of "their" national anthems.

night in Houston," he recalls, "this little old lady at ringside was giving me hell. She had just called me a no-good son of a bitch when her false teeth shot out of her mouth and flew into the ring. I stood there for about a minute with my boot over her plate and just grinned at her. She was pleading with me not to stomp on her teeth because they were the only ones she had. Finally, I just

kicked them over to where she was sitting, and she picked them up off the ground, popped them back in her mouth and started up right where she'd left off, calling me a dirty s.o.b."

On another occasion, Heenan was being interviewed by a reporter from an Indianapolis newspaper when the body of a fan who had just died of a heart attack in the stands was brought into

continued

WHAT YOU SEE IS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY GET



Wrestlers like Andre the Giant and Big John Studd have learned how to soften those seemingly fearsome blows and mighty body slams.

"Everything you see in the ring is an illusion," says ex-wrestler Jim Wilson, spilling the beans on his erstwhile colleagues, a group whose livelihood depends on its trade secrets. Yes, bodies do fly, and bones are indeed broken, and blood sometimes flows. Nobody says it's easy. But that doesn't mean it's real, either.

One of the first things every wrestler learns is the correct way to fall—roughly eight feet if he's planning to be body-slammed by the likes of 7' 4" Andre the Giant. "You have to land flat and distribute the shock over your whole body," says Wladek (Killer) Kowalski, who has been teaching would-be pro wrestlers out of the Boston YMC Union since soon after his retirement from the ring in 1977. "If you hear two sounds—bup-bup—you know it hurt like hell. If you hear one sound—boom—you know it was a good fall."

Kowalski's course includes tips on how to make less-than-lethal stomps and withstand blows from folding chairs. Instruction is hands-on. A student is invited to grab Kowalski's hair and ram his face into a turn-

buckle. The student does so—smack!—but Kowalski comes up smiling. "Do I look hurt?" he asks. "Even when I teach it, it happens so fast they can't see it. It's talent!"

And then there's the infamous piledriver, in which a wrestler holds his foe upside down and slams him headfirst into the mat. Because his inverted position causes his hair to hang down and provide camouflage, the victim's head appears to smash into the mat before it actually does. There's some other trickery involved. "What's the first thing to hit the mat?" asks Kowalski. "My arms and hands!"

Nothing enhances the illusion of real mayhem more than a little genuine blood, or "juice," as it's called in the business. Kowalski says he drew blood from opponents with a well-applied knuckle to the eyebrow. "That's doing it the hard way," says Wilson. A former offensive tackle with the NFL's San Francisco 49ers, Atlanta Falcons and Los Angeles Rams, Wilson says he's a "former" wrestler because he refused to engage in a homosexual act with a wrestling promoter. He says most wrestlers carry a small razor blade—in their wristbands, trunks or even their mouths. Before a bout the promoter will give his wrestlers some idea of what he's looking for—head-pounding, flips, juice (from one wrestler), double juice (from both) or whatever—along with specific directions for the ending. The finale of every match is dictated by the promoter to make sure it's emotionally and visually satisfying. The babyface might make a comeback, for instance. Or the heel might throw him over the top rope for an automatic disqualification. If there's a rematch angle for the next show, so much the better.

But much of the match is improvisation, what pros call "working." "It's whatever the crowd is buying that night," says Eddy Mansfield, a heel from 1977 to '84, who, like Wilson, claims he's been blackballed from the business. During a headlock a heel might whisper to his opponent a series of moves. "I'd say, 'Tackle, hip toss, slam,'" says Mansfield, meaning that he'd be tackled off the ropes, hip-tossed, then be subjected to a body slam. In the next headlock, a babyface might call some bumps of his own. It's a cooperative effort.

The target of the tricks, of course, is the crowd. "You can make 'em sit up, be silent, scream, anything," he says. "If you're a good worker, you can make the crowd do anything you want."

—N. BROOKS CLARK



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WALTER IOOSS JR.

The Fabulous Freebirds (Jack Hart, Michael Hayes and Terry Gordy) hail from Bad Street, U.S.A. Revolt- ing Street, U.S.A. would be a more appropriate address.

MAT MANIA *continued*

the dressing room to await the arrival of the corner. The reporter asked Heenan how he felt about seeing a fan die under such circumstances. "As far as I'm concerned, it's one less person to spit on me," replied the Weasel.

Spot, one of the Moondogs (Rex is the other; there used to be three but, the story goes, King was killed chasing a car), almost got his tail bobbed one night in Louisiana by an elderly man with a knife who slashed him on the leg and hind-quarters. "You don't want to get yourself spayed if you can possibly help it," says Spot.

Despite the much-discussed new demographics, very little has changed in the gouge halls, where the smoke and the smell of beer settle on you like stale sweat. A little more than a month ago at the Los Angeles Sports Arena, about 2,500 fans showed up for a WWF card that featured several members of McMahon's menagerie. An almost continuous fusillade of paper cups—some with the beer still in them—rained down on the ring, where Rocky Johnson and Alexis Smirnoff were working the undercard. During the application of a Smirnoff choke hold so prolonged it would have drained the breath of life from a less

worthy opponent, a brawl erupted in the stands. Everyone turned to watch—including Johnson and Smirnoff, who recognized a superior production but who, nonetheless, continued to throttle each other until security arrived and saved the promoters the indignity of having to split the gate.

Taking it all in from the second row was Jay (the Alaskan) York, an off-duty wrestler whose shaved head, neatly trimmed beard and menacing scowl disguise a sterling character. A young man with watery eyes and bad teeth appeared out of nowhere and plopped down into the seat next to the Alaskan. "I know you," the young man said. "Do you know how I know you? My wife cussed you out one time while you were in the ring. Yeah! She called you a dirty no-good faggot. And you told her to come back to your apartment, and you'd prove she was wrong." The Alaskan looks sheepish, but then the young man added, "That was *great*, man."

York's niece, who was sitting nearby during all this, later explained to an attractive woman who was combing beer out of her hair, "Jay's really sweet. And he really believes in Jesus Christ, Our Lord." Then she turned back to the ring and cheered loudly as Andre the Giant flayed Big

continued

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John Studd with the chain the Junkyard Dog had attached to Studd's collar. Just outside the ropes, a fan kept insisting that flogging one's opponent with a chain was against the rules.

That was also the way many hardcore wrestling fans began to feel three years ago when McMahon set out to transform the WWF from a small but prospering fiefdom, operating almost exclusively in the Northeast, into an empire. "At that time there were respected territorial boundaries where you operated without fear of reprisal," says McMahon. "We had been very successful in the Northeast, and I felt we could be equally suc-

cessful elsewhere. Even when I was a kid, my philosophy was basically, if I wanted something and somebody else didn't want me to have it, the worst that could happen was I might get the hell kicked out of me. So we decided to disassociate ourselves from the other promoters and make a lot of enemies all at once. I must say, we've been very successful at that." Even Vince McMahon Sr., from whom Junior—as he is known in the business—had inherited his territory, was opposed to his son's expansionist designs. "Had my dad known at the time I bought him out what my plans were," McMahon says, "he would never have sold his stock to me."

McMahon took steps to "nationalize" wres-

ting promotions in other parts of the country, (see box on page 38). But his real marketing masterstroke fell into place last June, when he persuaded rock colorburst Cyndi Lauper to front the hype bandwagon that her manager-boyfriend, David Wolff, later dubbed "the rock and wrestling connection." Lauper had become the hottest attraction in the music world following the release of *She's So Unusual*, her debut album which produced four Top 5 singles. But when she made her first appearance last June on *Piper's Pit*, an interview show hosted by Piper, she quickly proved she was at home with the wrestlers. When Albano, who played the part of her

father in Lauper's *Girls Just Want to Have Fun* video, tried to take credit for her success, Cyndi merely demurred. But when Albano—emerging from beneath a grotesque meringue of facial hair, rubber bands and morsels of food that made him look like Jabba the Hutt—had the pierced cheek to call her a "broad," Lauper commenced beating the Captain and Piper over their heads with her purse. She called Albano a "fat bag of wind" and "an amoeba," and, given the fact that he was sitting right there at the time—presenting the evidence for the prosecution, as it were—she seemed to have a very good point.

A month later, Lauper was "managing" top women's contender Wendi Richter. Under

continued

Big John Studd can body-slam with the best of them, but he's protective of his manager, Bobby (The Weasel) Heenan.



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BOB BACKLUND: NO ROOM FOR MR. NICE GUY

How does wrestling, or at least the WWF, treat its own? It's no babyface, that's for sure, as former WWF champ Bob Backlund can attest. Backlund is that rarest of creatures, a wrestler whose ring persona is his



RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

own. No combat fatigues. No bullwhips. No burnous. Backlund is a clean-cut all-American farm boy from Princeton, Minn., who loves children, hates drugs and actually uses words like "shucks." He is an excellent technical wrestler; he won the 1971 NCAA Division II 190-pound championship for North Dakota State. In dealing with fans and the press, he is courteous to a fault.

Backlund's just-plain-Bob image was tolerated by former WWF boss Vince McMahon Sr., who kept him as his champion from 1978 to '83. But by the time the elder McMahon died of cancer last spring and his son, Vince Jr., decided to push the WWF into the national big time, Backlund's days were numbered. "I was told I wasn't worth marketing," says the ex-champ. Backlund, who is said to bear a resemblance to Howdy Doody, was asked to dye his reddish hair black and turn into a heel, but he refused. "I try to be a good role model for the kids," he says. "That stuff is very important to me. I was told my morals were too high."

Backlund's fall began during a WWF-orchestrated TV promotional spot in late 1983. He was in a test of strength with the Iron Sheik, in which both wrestlers were using the Sheik's "75-pound" Persian clubs. The Sheik clobbered him from behind, and Backlund supposedly suffered a hyperextended elbow.

The scene was absurdly staged, even by wrestling standards, but it gave a boost to an

upcoming grudge match for the WWF title in which Backlund, hindered by his bad arm, was trapped in the Sheik's dreaded Camel Clutch. Backlund's manager threw in the towel, thus sparing Backlund the dishonor of quitting himself. One little thing: A title is supposed to be passed only on a pin or submission. That match ended with neither.

WWF officials said that Backlund would get a rematch, but it never came. Instead he found himself relegated to undercards. Last summer, finally convinced that he had been made to disappear in what amounted to a WWF monte game, the ex-champ left the circuit and returned to his home in Glastonbury, Conn. There he worked for a friend installing Sheetrock and talked to youth groups, under the auspices of a local heating oil company, about alcohol and drug abuse.

Last fall Backlund signed on with Pro Wrestling USA, which has allowed him to perform on his own bland terms, as the ultimate babyface. "I'm always going to be Bob Backlund," he says. "[Vince Jr.] and I have a strong difference of opinion. He wants to lower the standards of the business, and I just wasn't going to do that. I want my wife and daughter to be proud of me. I don't want them to be embarrassed because I've made a fool of myself on TV. I can't control what the whole business does, but I can control what Bob Backlund does."

—N. BROOKS CLARK

MAT MANIA *continued*

Lauper's guidance, Richter quickly took the WWF's women's title from the Fabulous Moolah, who had held it since 1958, when a little Moolah went a long way. Albano, meanwhile, became infuriated by Lauper's impressive managerial debut and insisted that she was "ungrateful." Piper remarked that she was a "scuzzbag."

Somewhere in the midst of all the eye-gouging, haircutting, and name-calling, WrestleMania was born. For the benefit of those who chose to go to the ballet that night, WrestleMania was held on March 31 in Madison Square Garden and beamed live to 200 closed-circuit outlets across the country. It pitted babyfaces Hulk and Mr. T, representing Lauper and the forces of good, against arch-heels Piper and Paul (Mr. Wonderful) Orndorff. As a concept, WrestleMania proved to be a direct conceptual descendant of

the Evel Knievel Snake River Canyon jump. Which is to say, one of the biggest media events in the gassy history of hype. McMahon's promotional work for WrestleMania was brilliant, successfully propagating the Big Lie that wrestling had somehow become the new barometer of hip for the '80s. MTV willingly abetted McMahon in this deception by carrying two of the WWF's "grudge" matches live in March and by cutting to taped "interviews" with Gloria Steinem and Geraldine Ferraro in a way that made it appear that both women were actually at the matches. In fact, Steinem and Ferraro had made their remarks while attending Ms. magazine's Women of the Year breakfast in January, at which Lauper was also an honoree. Lauper had asked her new friends Gloria and Gerry to say something unkind about the villainous Roddy Piper, and they happily obliged. "He's a disgrace to rock and roll," said Steinem. "He certainly is not fit to

wear a skirt." Ferraro challenged Piper to "come out and fight like a man."

When those two film clips started to turn up on MTV about as often as Madonna's lower lip, Ferraro said she'd been duped. Insisting she never went to wrestling matches, Ferraro also said she had been assured her comments would be used "in good taste." "Maybe I should have known better," she says now.

The Hulkster and Mr. T, meanwhile, were bouncing from talk show to talk show, spreading goodwill wherever they went. At one point Hogan was asked by cable-TV host Richard Belzer to demonstrate a wrestling hold. The Hulk put him in a front chinlock, whereupon Belzer was rendered null and void, almost permanently. Belzer slumped to the floor unconscious, waking up moments later in a pool of his own blood. Belzer, who received eight stitches on his head, called the incident "vicious and sickening," then placed a full-page ad in the *New York Post* announcing it would be replayed five nights later, just in case anybody hadn't been sufficiently

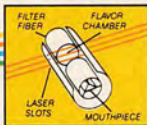
grossed out the first time. Should Belzer be thinking about suing, he might have company in *20/20* reporter John Stossel, who claims to have suffered pain and ringing in his ears as the result of David (Dr. D) Davis's boxing his ears during an interview in December.

WrestleMania was a magnificent spectacle and probably enough of a success financially to consolidate McMahon's hammerlock on wrestling. The featured match came to a creative, if predictable, conclusion. First Piper and Orndorff teamed up to perform a double Atomic Spinebreaker on Hogan. Then guest referee Muhammad Ali stepped into the ring to issue them a warning. While that was going on, Cowboy Bob Orton, Piper's nefarious bodyguard, sneaked up behind the Hulkster and was about to bash him on the cranium with the cast he had on his right arm, when Hogan alertly stepped aside. Orton's blow connected with the preening Orndorff, knocking him even more senseless than he was in the first place. The Hulkster then applied the pin, at which point an outraged Piper clotheslined the

continued

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MAT MANIA *continued*

working referee and stalked off. When Mr. Wonderful finally regained consciousness and saw the Hulk and Mr. T in wild celebration, he was disconsolate. "I guess I have no friends at all," he muttered darkly.

No friends at all is precisely what McMahon has among wrestling traditionalists and, more particularly, in the old-boy network of regional promoters. "I can't speak real highly of his caliber of wrestlers if in two weeks an actor like Mr. T can be transformed into someone capable of taking on his top pros," says Verne Gagne of the rival Pro Wrestling USA. "In his bouts, one guy always goes out and squashes the other," adds Joel Watts of Mid-South wrestling. "He plays on the personalities of the wrestlers, making them out to be freaks or something. I think he's generating a fad that will pass away."

One thing that McMahon's critics object to most frequently is the way he has tampered with wrestling's traditional, if theatrical, mix. "What separates McMahon's philosophy from everyone else's is that he deliberately tries to make every-



WALTER IOOSS JR.

Ravishing Rick Rude lets a few young fans bask in his hunkish presence—but, my dear, red boots and leopard skin just aren't in this year! A lot of older fans (left) eat up pro wrestling's antics, too.

thing as ridiculous as possible, whereas most of the others manage to do it unintentionally," says Dave Meltzer, the 24-year-old publisher of an exhaustive triweekly newsletter called the *Wrestling Observer*. "The TV ratings have been good for the last 10 years," says Meltzer, "but when McMahon started bragging about them, suddenly people began to notice. Then you started to hear, 'Wow, they're selling out the Garden every month.' Well, wrestling has been selling out the Garden every month for the past 15 years." And

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what of the new demographics? "That's all a New York phenomenon," says Meltzer, who lives in Northern California. "I go to WWF shows out here, and it's the same demographics as it's always been. The only difference is that the WWF show is a lot rowdier because they do the whole ethnic thing to incite the crowd."

The ethnic thing consists in large part of the race-baiting, homosexual-baiting, xenophobic bluster of villains like Piper and Orndorff. "That's not anything new to wrestling," says Meltzer. "But the WWF exploits racism more than any promotion I've ever seen. They exploit ethnic stereotypes, and by doing so they trivialize racism. Everybody buys it and thinks it's chic to laugh at somebody who calls blacks 'boy.'" Meltzer cites the Junkyard Dog, who is black, as an example of McMahon's handiwork. "When he was with Mid-South, he was one of the 10 best interviews in wrestling," says Meltzer. "He was almost like a philosopher to the black fans in the South. Now he goes into New York, and he barks his interviews."

The Dog was averaging nearly \$150,000 a year before he started barking for McMahon in 1984.

What you see here is, in wrestling parlance, a Battle Royale. But the real, slam-bang battle royal is the one being staged between the old-line promoters on the one hand and the WWF and its "rock and wrestling" lineup on the other.

This year he expects to make \$250,000. "Nobody in my family could believe the money I was making," the Dog sniffs. "They thought I was selling drugs." The Dog has made enough money to bury some in his backyard for when he retires, but there is no pension and no disability insurance if he suffers a serious injury.

Top wrestling performers work as many as 10 matches in a week, including studio bouts that are staged strictly for television. Then they follow in the wake of their videotapes from town to town. "TV is the most important part of our profession," says Big John Studd. "It's actually more important than what we do in the ring."

By being the first promoter to fully grasp the importance of TV, McMahon was able to use the medium as a weapon against his competition. "He's seriously trying to put us out of business," says Watts. Meltzer theorizes that McMahon is purposely overexposing wrestling on TV to force the weak promotions to go belly-up. "Then, after this thing burns to the ground," says Meltzer, "he hopes to be around to pick up the pieces and rebuild the new society."

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END



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BASEBALL

by Sandy Keenan

On April 2, 1984 he was the Opening Day pitcher for the New York Mets. On April 12, 1985 he again got the opening-game nod, this time for the Miami Marlins, who play in the Class A Florida State League. In 1984 he was paid more than \$275,000. Now he's earning \$1,500 a month. And, whereas 46,000 people packed Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium to watch him face guys named

a Miami supermarket chain, threw out the first ball.

Torrez is with the Marlins as part of a scheme devised by general manager Mal Fichman to revitalize minor league baseball in Miami by stocking the team with as many former big-leaguers as the rules would allow. Torrez has been joined by pitcher Eric Rasmussen, utility man Derrel Thomas and a handful of other exiles. What Fichman told them was this: Come to Miami, an independent team, where you can play every day or pitch every five days, get exposure, share a little wisdom

straight to Miami. "I've still got those baseball Joneses," says Rasmussen, who left a job in real estate development for another fling at baseball. "Some people think they're too good to do this sort of thing. Obviously, if it's good enough for Mike Torrez, it's good enough for me."

"To get back, you have to start somewhere," says Torrez, 38. "It's nothing to be ashamed of." Torrez, who has a 185-160 major league record, is one of only two active pitchers who have beaten every team in the bigs, but not one of them would even take a look at him in spring training, and all he wanted was a tryout. Miami, a team that finished 15½ games out last season and averaged less than 650 fans a game, was the best he could do.

"The only thing Class A about this place is the league," says Fichman, 42, a little guy (he's 5' 6") with big ideas. "This is a big league city," he says about every five minutes. He had spent the last 19 years in all the mole holes of the minors as, variously, manager, owner and general manager. He was hired in December by owners Joe Ryan and Ron Fine to rescue the Marlins franchise, which had lost its working agreement with the San Diego Padres in 1984.

When Fichman read that Vida Blue couldn't find work, he hit upon his novel plan. It took him a week to get up enough nerve to call Blue's agent to see if the pitcher wanted to be a Marlin. "Thanks for thinking of us," said Dick Moss, who explained that Blue had other plans (with the Giants, as things developed). Next Fichman tried Greg Luzinski's agent. But the Bull was set on retiring. Fichman kept dialing. His third call was to Torrez's agent.

After he signed the 38-year-old pitcher on March 21, agents, scouts, reporters and yes, other big-leaguers, started to call Fichman. "I've created a monster," he says. "A lot of people are out of work, you know." If it weren't for the seven-player limit for former major-leaguers set by the Florida State League, he's convinced he could field a starting lineup of all ex-big-leaguers.

The Marlins have come up with Torrez, Rasmussen, Thomas, 34, reliever Ed Farmer, 35, starter Juan Eichelberger, 31, first baseman Broderick Perkins, 30, and outfielder Terry Bogener, 29. Combined, these players have 68 years and

continued



Fichman's recruits (left to right): Thomas, Eichelberger, Perkins, Torrez and Rasmussen.

Go south, old man, go south

The small-time Miami Marlins have lured some former big-time ballplayers

Concepcion, Parker and Soto, only 864 came out to seedy Miami Stadium to see Mike Torrez pitch against such players as Mo Ching, Felix Perdomo and Roberto Kelly—kids almost half his age. Larry May, retail operations superintendent for

with the kids and stay in top shape until a major league team calls you.

When Rasmussen, 33, who pitched for the Cardinals, Padres and Royals for nine seasons, heard what was going on, he hopped in his car in San Diego and drove



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more than 3,000 games of major league experience. Catcher Jim Essian, 34, is an injured reserve.

"Beats sitting at home," says Torrez. "It could've been a blessing for me not being picked up. I'm not locked into one organization here. Anyone can call up and ask, 'Is Torrez available?'" The pay is about \$600 a month for players with no big league experience and \$1,500 for the seven veterans. "They could make more working at Burger King," says Fichman. "It just shows how much they want to play." If a veteran's contract is bought out, Fichman and the Marlins keep 40%; the player gets the rest.

Until some big league team comes calling, Torrez is doubling as player/coach. Torrez the coach pulled Torrez the player out of the opener after Mike pitched five no-hit innings, with two walks and six strikeouts. His stats after getting shelled in his third game: 17 innings, 14 strikeouts, 10 walks and a 4.23 ERA.

By some fishy twist of fate, Torrez pitched against the team of old nemesis Bucky Dent in the opener. Dent, who put a Torrez fastball over the Fenway Park wall to help win the 1978 division title for the Yankees, now manages the Fort Lauderdale Yankees.

There are no major league egos among

the veterans. While Torrez works the pitchers, Thomas, a 14-year big-leaguer with six teams, runs infield practice like a human fungo machine. Perkins—Marlin Perkins?—helps the clubhouse man gather dirty laundry. Rasmussen pins Marlin pennants all over Miami.

Even manager Tom Burgess, 56, has taken a few giant steps backward after managing four Class AAA clubs and coaching for the Braves and the Mets in the majors. "What these players had is gone," Burgess says. "What I've had is gone. We have to show them up there that, hey, you made a mistake."

Most of the ex-major-leaguers admit they don't plan to stick around for the entire 140-game Marlin schedule. Perkins is giving it six to eight weeks and then he might try Japan. "This is a big step down," he says. "I was no slouch. I got beat out by the youth movement in Cleveland." Torrez has the same excuse for his decline in 1984, when he was released by the Mets and again by Oakland.

Torrez says he's going to practice patience until the All-Star break. "I just hope someone needs a pitcher and looks my way," he says. "I won't embarrass them, that's for sure." If it doesn't work out, he has a job lined up in New York, selling office furniture.

INSIDE PITCH

(April 15-21)

by HENRY HECHT

The trade of Atlanta's Alex Trevino to the Giants was buried in the agate columns last week as all of baseball gasped at the \$2 million-a-year contract Ozzie Smith got to stay in St. Louis. But in the Brave New World of baseball, there is no one more reckless than Ted Turner when it comes to a dotted line. Trevino, who hit .243 in '84, with 28 RBIs, was one more mistake he had to eat.

“My goal is to take the club to arbitration when I'm 50—and win,” said Jerry Koosman, the Phillies' 42-year-old lefty, after pitching eight shutout innings against the Cubs. “That is, unless they sign me to a long-term contract when I'm 49.”

When new manager Eddie Haas decided this spring that Trevino, a Joe Torre favorite, was going to be his third-string catcher, the Braves tried to move him and his four-year, \$2.1 million contract. No way. Atlanta obtained Trevino for \$50,000 from the Reds last year, and when his bat was hot for a few games, Turner made him rich. To trade him to San Francisco, Turner had to assume Trevino's deferred payments, totaling \$1.1 million, which could buy a lot of CBS stock.

Turner is also stuck with reliever Gene Garber, who will get \$750,000 in each of the next two seasons—a contract that was given despite the advice to the contrary from Turner's front office. But Garber was one of his favorites. Turner has also given seven Braves no-trade clauses, and because of those, Donnie Moore, who would have been the set-up man for Bruce Sutter this year, could not be protected in this winter's free-agent compensation draft. Moore is now the stopper for the Angels.

Julio Franco of the Indians was leading the AL in batting (.516) when he disappeared before Saturday's game at Yankee Stadium. Team officials frantically called hospitals and police stations, but it was only after the game that the mystery was at least partly cleared up. Here is how *The New York Times* reported it:



It's a little early yet, but Rasmussen is already bringing the pennant to Miami.

continued



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"... a man who identified himself as a friend of Franco appeared in the Indians' clubhouse at Yankee Stadium and identified himself as Juan Todman. He said that Franco spent Friday night in the Bronx home of Juan's brother, Marciano Todman, who is a friend of Franco. Juan said he had gone to yesterday's game, and when he saw that Franco did not play, he wondered where the shortstop was. Marciano has no phone, he said, so Juan said he called his mother, who also lives in the Bronx but at a separate residence. She didn't know where Franco was, according to Juan, but a sister of Marciano and Juan said Franco was still at Marciano's home and he was sick."

Franco's roommate, Tony Bernazard, and coach Bobby Bonds found Franco at

the home of Marciano, the friend of Julio who is also the brother of Juan... never mind. Franco was indeed sick, and he was taken back to the team's hotel. On Sunday, Franco went 1 for 4.

Eleven games into the season, the Braves' Dale Murphy has six homers, 18 RBIs, a .439 average and the awe of the National League. "His stats," says teammate Rick Mahler, "are like something out of Little League or high school. You just don't see guys doing that in the majors."

Murphy's stats project to 88 homers and 268 RBIs over 162 games, but, realistically, he won't hit more than, say, 61 homers and drive in, oh, 190 runs. Said Pete Rose after watching his 6 for 13 spree against the Reds, "The way Murphy's going, I tell my pitchers 'Well done' when they keep him in the ball park." Or as Mario Soto, one of Rose's pitchers, said after Dale went deep on him, "I don't challenge Murphy. Never him, not ever, even if he's 0 for 20."

The week's identity crises:

- The Blue Jays' Lloyd Moseby, a serious hitter, didn't drive in a run until his ninth game when he homered off Texas's Frank Tanana. "The fans thought the scoreboard was wrong when they saw the zeros up there by my name," he said. "I had to do something about it."
- When the Orioles were in Cleveland, Baltimore manager Joe Altobelli, who played 125 of his 166 big league games for the Indians, saw "Joe Altobetti" on the scoreboard. "I know I didn't hit much here," said Altobelli, who hit .210 in the bigs, "but jeez. . . ."
- Bob Uecker, the Brewers' play-by-play man when he isn't sitting in the upper deck, was waiting for the bus in the visiting clubhouse in Detroit when a reporter from a small Michigan paper approached him. After telling Uecker how much he liked his Lite Beer commercials, he asked, "What are you doing here? Are you a Tiger fan?"

Mickey Rivers, released by Texas in spring training, offers this assessment of the Rangers: "That team's never gonna get out of last place until the manager and coaching staff are replaced."

"I can't figure out why Mickey would say something like that," said manager Doug Rader. "But how much credibility can you give it?"

"I have a lot of respect for the way

BALL PARK FIGURES

The town of San Pedro de Macoris (pop. 78,562) in the Dominican Republic is the home of 14 players—more than half a team—currently on major league rosters. They are:

Joaquin Andujar	p	Cardinals
George Bell	of	Blue Jays
Carmen Castillo	of	Indians
Cesar Ceden	of	Reds
Mariano Duncan	2b	Dodgers
Tony Fernandez	ss	Blue Jays
Julio Franco	ss	Indians
Alfredo Griffin	ss	A's
Pedro Guerrero	3b	Dodgers
Manny Lee	ss	Blue Jays
Rafael Ramirez	ss	Braves
Ramon Romero	p	Indians
Juan Samuel	2b	Phillies
Rafael Santana	ss	Mets

Doug has handled this situation," designated hitter Cliff Johnson said of the Rangers' 0-5 start. But one player, who preferred anonymity, offered this opinion: "Mickey's a pretty smart man."

The Hagler-Hearns fight must have been contagious. Dan Gladden and Jeff (Sugar Ray) Leonard of the Giants ended up in a pile behind the batting cage in Cincinnati Friday night when some pregame needling got serious. Gladden is the leadoff hitter, and it's his job to allocate the number of swings for each round of BP. But he lost track of the swings, and his teammates got on his case. When Leonard started poking Gladden in the chest,

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MARIO SOTO: *The Cincinnati starter had a pair of 2-1, complete-game victories as the NL West-leading Reds won seven straight. In beating the Braves and Giants, Soto fanned 19 and walked five.*

the bell sounded for Round 1 of the fight.

"I was just helping him out of a slump," said Gladden, tongue lodged firmly in cheek. Leonard, a .125 hitter going in, went 2 for 4, but he still seemed to want to lodge his fist firmly in Gladden's cheek. He also resigned the Giants' captaincy. "If I let an incident like that get me riled up, I shouldn't do it," Leonard said. Two days later, Leonard apologized to the team and asked to be reinstated as captain.

END

BREAKING INTO A VAULT

Why is this man flipping out? Well, it was the Cardinals' home opener, but it was also the day that shortstop Ozzie Smith signed a five-year, \$10 million contract, making him the most expensive glove in baseball history.



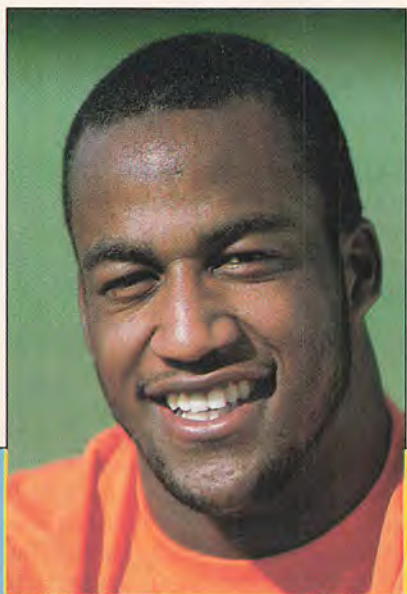
Ozzie was only looking out for No. 1.

PRO FOOTBALL

by Paul Zimmerman

Is it a draft or a K mart?

The fuss over Bernie Kosar has overshadowed all the other plums



MICHAEL O'BRYON

It had all the makings of a beautiful NFL draft. The USFL, which had enough financial clout last year to dislodge 30% of the players projected for the first three rounds, decided to save money in 1985, and Doug Flutie was its only major catch. So the glamour quarterback was gone, but hold on a minute, along came Bernie Kosar, a sophomore who's really a senior, a dazzler from the University of Miami, to take his place. While the NFL owners were meeting out in Phoenix in March, Kosar was back in Ohio announcing that he wanted to be a pro. Beautiful.

But now the draft wasn't so nice. The big question at week's end was whether Kosar would enter the regular draft, scheduled for April 30, or a supplemental draft (SCORECARD, April 22). Commissioner Pete Rozelle was to make that decision during the week, and whatever his ruling, some people were likely to be hopping mad. Some were talking lawsuit. Minnesota had traded for Houston's No. 2 slot in the regular draft to have a shot at Kosar, Buffalo having already signed Bruce Smith as the No. 1 pick. Cleveland had acquired Buffalo's No. 1 pick in the

supplemental draft, also with a view of getting Kosar.

For this draft preview, we'll just forget about Kosar.

1. BUFFALO—Bruce Smith, DE, Virginia Tech. Signed, sealed and delivered.

2. MINNESOTA (from Houston)—Bill Fralic, T, Pittsburgh. The Vikes like Fralic and two wide receivers, Miami's breathtakingly fast Eddie Brown and Wisconsin's Al Toon, who came on strong in all-star action.

3. HOUSTON (from Minnesota)—Ray Childress, DE, Texas A & M. The Oilers have said so all along.

4. ATLANTA—Eddie Brown, WR, Miami. The Falcons will go for Fralic if he's still there, and Toon is looking more attractive every day, but Brown means instant excitement.

5. INDIANAPOLIS—Ken Ruetters, T-G, USC. The Colts like Brown and Fralic, and as late as the weekend they were leaning toward another WR, Jerry Rice, but then the offensive line started crying for help.

6. DETROIT—Duane Bickett, LB, USC. Everyone figured the Lions would go for running back Ethan Horton because of Billy Sims's knee injury, but they're moving to a 3-4 defense, and they want an active linebacker.

7. CLEVELAND—Al Toon, WR, Wisconsin. The Browns hope to get Kosar in the supplemental draft, thus completing the act. Owner Art Modell has a big stadium to fill.

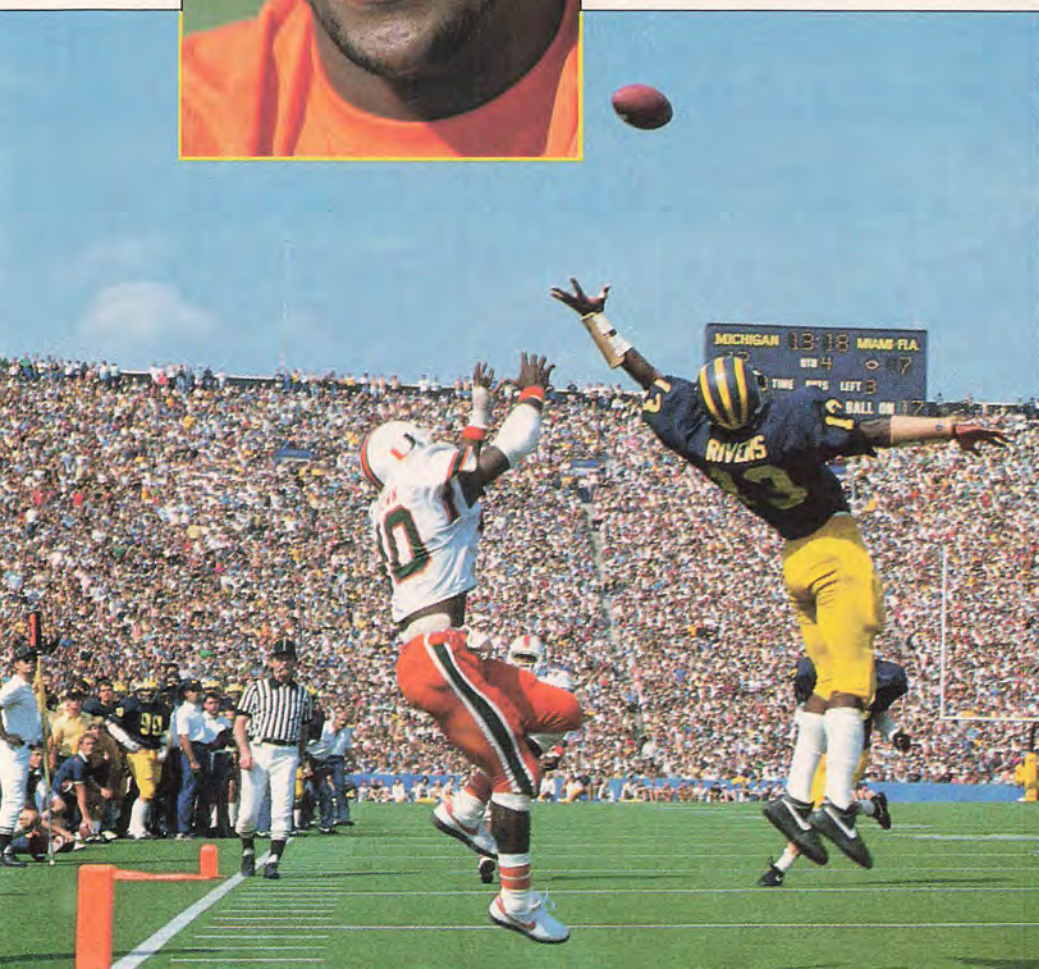
8. TAMPA BAY—Ron Holmes, DE, Washington. The Bucs want someone to play the left side, the strong side. Notre Dame's Mike Gann is a possibility, but Holmes is more active.

9. PHILADELPHIA—Lomas Brown, T-G, Florida. It was between Brown and Ruetters. With Ruetters gone, the decision's easy. Either way, Wilbert Montgomery will applaud the pick.

10. NEW YORK JETS—Kevin Brooks, DE, Michigan. They like Horton and Rice, but coach Joe Walton spent the week before the draft shopping around for a pass rusher. Barring a last-minute trade, this is the guy.

11. HOUSTON (from New Orleans)—Derrick Burroughs, CB, Memphis State,

Brown was a prime target for Kosar at Miami and should be a major catch for the pros.



JOHN BREWER



BILL LUSTER

Rate Nunn as a possible first-rounder with NBA moves.

in a photo finish over the other top-rated cornerback, Richard Johnson of Wisconsin. The Oilers spent the last three years building an offense. Now it's the defense's turn.

12. SAN DIEGO—Kevin Allen, T-G, Indiana. How the Chargers would love to have Ruettgers or Lomas Brown, but they have an efficient pass blocker here.

13. CINCINNATI—Richard Johnson, CB, Wisconsin. The Bengals have two first-round picks. The first for defense, the second for offense. Johnson is rated by many as the best DB in the draft.

14. GREEN BAY—Jerry Rice, WR, Mississippi Valley State. Coach Forrest Gregg was all set to draft a linebacker like Bickett, but surprise, Rice may still be available. Not as much speed as Toon or Brown, but great hands. J.J. Jefferson, as everyone knows, is trade bait.

15. KANSAS CITY—Ethan Horton, RB, North Carolina. A 6' 3" long-strider who brings back memories of Calvin Hill. Coach John Mackovic's running game was in turmoil last year. He'll blink twice if he sees Horton's name on the board, rub his eyes and grab him quickly.

16. NEW ENGLAND—Kevin Glover, C-G, Maryland. The skeptics say that at 6' 2" he's too short. His fans point to the great game he had against Clemson's 350-pound William Perry. The Patriots, who suffered when center Pete Brock was hurt last year, want that firepower down the middle.

17. DALLAS—Vance Johnson, WR, Ar-

izona. Everyone figured the Cowboys needed some help in the offensive line, which has been rebuilding since Rayfield Wright's retirement in 1979. Then Johnson ran a 4.28 40 for the scouts, and those Cowboy computers started humming.

18. ST. LOUIS—Chris Doleman, LB-DE, Pittsburgh. Luis Sharpe, the Cardinals' fine left tackle, jumped to Memphis of the USFL last week, which left a big hole in the offensive line, but coach Jim Hanifan says he'll fill it from within. How often do 6' 5", 250-pound linebackers come along?

19. NEW YORK GIANTS—Greg Allen, RB, Florida

State. Healthy, he's a dazzling runner who would have gone in the top half-dozen picks. Now he's coming off a knee injury and he's a gamble. The Giants, with a big blocking fullback (Maurice Carthon of the Generals) arriving from the USFL, will take it.

20. PITTSBURGH—Jerry Gray, S, Texas. He could be projected to cornerback. Actually he could be used anywhere in a secondary that was riddled by Miami in the AFC Championship.

21. L.A. RAMS—Garin Veris, DE, Stanford. It's no secret that coach John Robinson's looking for a pass rusher. It'll

come down to Veris, who blossomed in the East-West game, or Mississippi's Freddie Joe Nunn.

22. CHICAGO—Mike Gann, DT-DE, Notre Dame. The Bears want a wide receiver and a tight end, but will have to find them later on.

23. L.A. RAIDERS—Jim Lachey, T-G, Ohio State. Suddenly, one of the Raiders' greatest strengths, the offensive line, has become a problem. Still vivid is the memory of the heat Jim Plunkett suffered in the playoffs against Seattle.

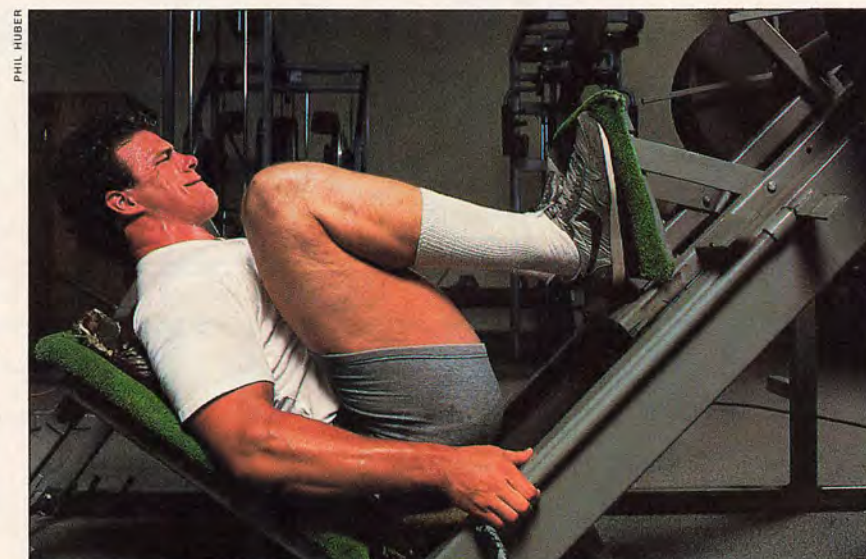
24. WASHINGTON—Kyle Morrell, S, Brigham Young. Yeah, we know, John Riggins is aging and has a bad back. Call this a sleeper.

25. CINCINNATI (from Seattle)—George Adams, RB-FB, Kentucky. It's the offense's turn now. The surprise is that Adams is still there.

26. DENVER—Issiac Holt, CB, Alcorn State. Holt has had a bad knee, but the Broncos don't want to go through another year playing Mike Harden, a natural safetyman, at cornerback.

27. MIAMI—Lorenzo Hampton, RB, Florida. He runs, he catches, he provides instant impact. The only thing he doesn't do is play defense, which is what the Dolphins really need.

28. SAN FRANCISCO—Owen Gill, HB-FB, Iowa. Bill Walsh said he'd trade his first three rounds to get Eddie Brown. The 49ers still might trade up for a fancy wide receiver, but if they don't they'll be happy with Gill, a muscle runner. **END**



PHIL HUBER

There's a big push on for Texas A & M's Childress, notably by the Houston Oilers.



TRIP TO THE EDGE OF THE WORLD



On a journey to Murmansk—a Soviet port that lies well north of the Arctic Circle—for a ski race, the author encounters racing reindeer, skating skiers, weatherproof walrus and mind-numbing Northern Lights

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



The 32-hour run from Moscow to Murmansk on the Arktika Express was made easier by the ministrations of Vera (below), ever ready at the samovar.



Though these reindeer obviously lapped up their wintry surroundings, the "morzhi," or walrus (below), were critters who also liked the snow and ice.



CONTINUED

MURMANSK

March 21: Moscow is sunny when we arrive late in the afternoon. Dark water stands everywhere and shrinking banks of snow are crusted and sooty. Obviously, the Russian spring

not, Jacksonville, Fla., because it lies at the southern end of the Gulf Stream.

Why are we going to Murmansk? Well, for 50 years the city has held an annual Festival of the North at the end of March, a gala week to celebrate the end of another endless winter. This festival includes such native events as reindeer

time to travel here, perchance to talk with cross-country skiers and drinkers of Northern Lights about change and Gorbachev and the future of the world.

I am traveling with photographer Jerry Cooke. It is my third visit to the Soviet Union; the others occurred in 1974 and 1977. Cooke was born in Russia 62 years



has sprung here in the capital. But that doesn't interest us much because we are bound for icier, more exotic climes far to the north. We are going to Murmansk. Yes, Murmansk. Not Minsk, not Pinsk, but Murmansk, a city of 400,000 that lies 1,000 miles north of Moscow, 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle and 1,400 miles south of the North Pole.

Murmansk is the Soviet Union's northernmost port. It sits on the Kola Gulf, a 31-mile finger of water that opens on the Arctic Ocean. In one of nature's major anomalies, this subpolar water never completely freezes, because it is constantly warmed by the Gulf Stream, that weird, warm current that runs through the Atlantic Ocean north from Florida to waters off Scandinavia and the Soviet Union. Until the invasion of Afghanistan in 1979 soured things, Murmansk's "sister city" was, believe it or

racing and toasts to spring, drunk with a brutal cocktail called Northern Lights, which is made of Russian champagne and Russian vodka. A favorite saying in Murmansk during the Festival of the North is, "Help me, comrade, the Northern Lights have left the sky and entered my head and will not go away." All this is a mere sidelight to the Murmansk Marathon. This is a citizens' cross-country ski race over a 58-kilometer course near the town. Last year about 6,000 racers reportedly turned up for it. That made the Murmansk Marathon one of the dozen largest of its kind in the world. Now I am going to race in it.

By coincidence, another major, perhaps volcanic, change has just occurred in the Kremlin, the vigorous Mikhail Gorbachev, 54, having replaced Konstantin Chernenko, 74, who died on March 10. It is a particularly fascinating

ago. He left as an infant in his mother's arms, but has returned for professional assignments 18 times in the last 28 years. He is fluent in Russian and is relentless in his curiosity about exactly what makes the Russian character tick. He tells a baffling "joke" that he believes to be meaningful in revealing the Russian mind: "Two men are standing on the platform at a Moscow railroad station, waiting for the train that goes first to Minsk and then to Pinsk. One says to the other, 'Are you going to Minsk or Pinsk?' The other man thinks for a long time, then says, 'Minsk.' The first man thinks for a long time, too, then says, 'Yes, I know that you are going to Minsk because if you were going to Pinsk, you would have said Pinsk to make me think you were going to Minsk.'"

Perhaps this says as much about Cooke's mind as it does about the aver-

age Russian's. But it also echoes the substance of Winston Churchill's famous definition of Russia as "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."

After Cooke and I check into the Kosmos Hotel in Moscow, we go to the hotel restaurant for dinner. Cooke orders a bottle of vodka with our meal. The waiter

tance cross-country ski addict. He has run in Norway's Birkebeiner and Sweden's Vasaloppet, among other races. The other Jim is J.O. Wells, 57, a small, wiry, wide-smiling lawyer from the Indiana farm town of Rochester. Wells has skied in some U.S. citizens' races, but he has never done so in Europe before. As

Scandinavians are infamous for jumping the gun, sometimes by as much as a quarter hour. Ordinarily they get away with it simply because it is such an ungodly problem to stop thousands of eager skiers once they have begun to move.

This was not the case in Murmansk. The Scandinavians did indeed leap off



The skyline of Petrozavodsk is a bleak backdrop for fishermen crouching on frozen Lake Onega.

brings it and leans over to speak confidentially in Cooke's ear. Cooke reports: "He congratulates us on being sophisticated because we ordered a whole bottle instead of one small glass, as most of the ignorant tourists do."

We ask the waiter what he thinks of changes at the Kremlin. He replies, "Where are you going from here?"

"Murmansk to ski," says Cooke.

The waiter pauses to see if we are joking, then says, "Yes, I believe you. Any foreigner who would order a full bottle of vodka might also have a reason to go to Murmansk to ski."

March 22: Our traveling companions include two men who are named Jim but are otherwise in no way alike. Jim Killmer, 29, from Champlin, Minn., is a curly-haired, broad-shouldered construction worker and hard-core long-dis-

gifts for the many Russians he expects to befriend, he has brought a large supply of Boy Scout patches.

Then there is Tony Clark, 40, an Englishman who was raised in Bordeaux and has lived in New England since 1968. He was at the Murmansk Marathon last year. That was only his first visit to the U.S.S.R., but from it Clark may have gleaned an insight into Russian character every bit as revealing as Cooke's Minsk-Pinsk story. I first heard this tale about the 1984 Murmansk Marathon one night last fall while Clark was entertaining a tableful of guests at his inn in Vermont.

The 6,000-odd participants had gathered for the start in a kind of natural amphitheater on the edge of town. As always in these races, there was a thin rank of elite racers at the front of the mob, national teams and ex-Olympians from the U.S.S.R., Norway, Finland, Sweden, etc.

the line before the gun sounded. They sprinted furiously for about 80 yards, took a sharp right turn up a hill and found themselves confronted by a small wooden gate, which had been closed and was guarded by race officials and some grim members of the Soviet military. "Nyet!" they shouted. "Nyet!" The woman on the public-address system began ranting in several languages: "Get back! No start! Go back!"

This was easier said than done. Behind the guilty start-busters, the innocent masses had begun to surge forward. Soon the entire six acres of skiers were slowly gaining momentum, flowing with the inexorable force of a flatland avalanche. The men at the front had stopped, but the multitudes behind had not. They kept moving until all the skiers became a solid mass pressed as tightly together as

continued

MURMANSK

continued

6,000 sardines canned upright.

The Marx Brothers could not have made it more comic. As Clark told it, "Russian rules are not made to be broken, so everyone was ordered to get back again behind the starting line. But think about what that meant. Here you had 6,000 people with skis on their feet, all pushed together, back to front. You see, there was no way to turn our skis around; and we were too pressed together to bend over and remove our skis. What did we do? We backed up. We backed up all the way to where we had begun. It took 45 minutes to get everyone behind the line again. What a marvelous joke the whole thing was."

Marvelous indeed. And could such a hilarious thing happen again this year? "Well, why not?" says Luba Reznik, our official guide from Intourist, the amazingly efficient Soviet agency that handles every detail of every foreign tourist's visit to the Soviet Union. Luba is a prize. She has a dazzling smile and twinkling blue eyes in a sweet, high-boned Slavic face. She is short and a little bit thick, but as light on her feet—and in her heart—as any sugarplum fairy. I ask her how she handles mean-minded Western tourists who insist on taunting her about the evil empire she lives in. She laughs and says, "I ask them to dance."

March 23: We board the Arktika Express just after midnight for the next leg of our journey to Murmansk. The train is a surprise. The compartments are clean, even homey, with potted plants hanging at each door and a pile of starched sheets on the berths. A short, brisk woman named Vera is in charge. She keeps the car warm by feeding coal into a stove near her tiny compartment. She also has a samovar and makes tea for passengers. She is efficient and has a ready smile full of precious metals.

Our first destination is a small city called Petrozavodsk, a 16-hour, 652-mile trip. Located on Lake One-

Though the yelyet is a Russian fish, it is strangely attracted to American corn mash.



An old man talked of making the world safe for both fish and men.

in 1703 when he built a foundry to make cannon for the war Russia was then fighting with Sweden. The name of the city means Peter's Factory. A full thaw seems in progress when we arrive. Spring has sprung in Peter's Factory, too. We want to do some skiing—but where? Lake Onega, it turns out, is still frozen and has plenty of snow on it. We go down the hill to the lake, put on our skis and head toward the other shore, perhaps four miles away. It is at this point that I discover I have been bypassed in the sport of cross-country skiing. I am from Minnesota, where the land is flat, and for me, cross-country skiing has always meant leisurely long strides, a simple matter of stepping and gliding over the snow.

Imagine my surprise when I see the younger Jim hit the snow on the lake

with a series of power-packed skating strokes. In a matter of minutes he is far ahead. From behind he looks like a fleeing speed skater. He uses his poles in a double-pushing action that adds even more momentum to his strokes. As I watch young Jim shrinking in the distance, I assume that this is a man-killing technique reserved for superstar world champions and powerful young construction workers.

Then Clark goes past me using the same skating strokes. Then Wells does, too, shouting, "Only tried this a couple of times before. Works pretty good."

What's going on? Later, I ask Clark, and he says, "I can't think of any sport that has been so totally changed in such a short time. I can't wait to find out how the Russians react to it. I understand they would like to see it outlawed in competition—mainly because they are no good at it yet."

In the evening we dine in the hotel nightclub and are bowled over by a floor show that features a troupe of chorus girls who appear dressed as every chorus-line cliché you can imagine—geisha, flappers, Carmen Miranda look-alikes, Siamese dancers. Does this go on every night in Peter's Factory? Luba says no. This is a traveling show that will play for three weeks—a total sellout every night. The crowd scarcely applauds during the show, but afterward the dance floor is packed with writhing young people.

March 24: Still at Petrozavodsk, we meet a few local athletes and coaches. Clark asks them what they think of the new skating technique. A coach frowns, pulls his lip and mutters that knee injuries and spinal deformations could result.

Late in the afternoon, we return to the lake. We ski out to a cluster of fishermen crouched on the ice. Each of them stares into his little hole in the ice with the single-minded concentration of a chess master. Cooke asks an old man what technique he uses to catch fish. The man explains that he drops a little corn mash down the hole when he arrives in

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MURMANSK

continued

the morning. This, he says, attracts fish to the area and they then begin to bite on the hook he has baited with bread. "This is American corn," says the old man. "But our fish seem to like it."

The fish they are after is named *yelyet*. It is a little larger than a sardine. None of the fishermen seems to agree on exactly what makes the *yelyet* bite. One says he uses bacon fat on his hook. Another says raw potato. A third says he uses something that Cooke can only translate as "embryo of mosquito." We ask why they are all gathered together fishing in the same place. The old man pipes up loudly, "It is because everything is collective here. No individual does anything alone." He laughs, then he seems to be-

says, "We shouldn't be talking about war, we should be talking about fish."

The old man nods. He is calm now. "Yes, we should be thinking about fish. If you make the world safe and peaceful for fish, men will be all right, too."

March 25: We are at the Petrozavodsk railroad station, ready to board the train for the last 16 hours to Murmansk. We hang around the station waiting room, which is packed with people. We are obviously foreigners, wearing Gore-Tex jackets and Nike sneakers. No one stares at us. No one shows the slightest sign of curiosity. The other travelers seem dour and resigned. That, of course, is the prevailing attitude in waiting rooms the

information about leaders. Do leaders ever ski?" We say that Pope John Paul II skis, but the young man shakes his head and says, "No, you are wrong about that. A pope does not ski."

The train speeds through the night, past a blur of cold Russian towns—Uda, Kem, Poliarnye Zori, Apatity, Olen'ya. . . .

March 26: We cross the Arctic Circle about 3 a.m.; dawn breaks a little after five. We arrive in Murmansk at 10:20. Eighty years ago, the story goes, there was nothing here except a single hut owned by a Lapp named Simeon, a tough old hermit who ate only fish and lived to be 103. In 1915 Czar Nicholas II ordered a seaport built here; Russia's ports in the south were closed because of World War I. The new town was named Romanov-na-Murmane, after the Czar's family. That lasted only until the Revolution began in 1917.

The Communists enlarged the port and changed the town's name to Murmansk. This comes from a Lapp word that means "edge of the world." Because the city has no history before the Revolution, it stands as a pure example of modern Soviet architecture. Many downtown buildings have been painted pastel colors in a pathetic effort to cheer the place up. Dozens of large apartment buildings, grim as penitentiary cell blocks, are everywhere on the hills above the harbor. Their leaden presence only adds to the cold emptiness of the tundra.

Cooke sums up Murmansk after a tour of the city: "This makes Petrozavodsk look like Florence."

March 27: We go to the "stadium" where the Murmansk Marathon will be held. It is an open meadow surrounded by low hills. On the trails beyond, we pass low trees and all kinds of high technology scattered about the tundra—a power station, a huge dish pointing at space, various mysterious antennas. There are young Soviet skiers all over the place. Not one is doing anything but the most furious skating on his skis. Clark says in awe, "Not a single skier I saw here last year was skating. Now they're doing it like they invented it."

"Well, of course we invented it," says the lovely Luba with a sunny smile, "just as we also invented the Gulf Stream in



"Everyone in Moscow thinks there are polar bears in the streets of Murmansk," said Luba. There are.

come agitated. "Hey, what are you no-goodniks doing out here on your big-shot skis anyway? Idle rich Americans, are you? And why is Reagan so mad at us? We lost 15,000 people every 24-hour day during the war. Twenty million dead! We saved the world from the Nazi slime. Now Reagan wants to get us from space, too. What's wrong with him?"

Another fisherman says, "I always liked Roosevelt. He was the only real democratic President you ever had." He yanks a wiggling fish out of his hole and

world around. But here there is something more permanent—even indelible—about it.

The train arrives, and there are a couple of Soviet skiers on it. One says this is his sixth Murmansk Marathon. He is eager to talk. We ask him about changes in the Kremlin. He shrugs. "What can change? Gorbachev cannot do things the Politburo doesn't like. He is young, they are old, but nothing will be different." We ask if Gorbachev is a skier. He says, "Who knows? We don't have this kind of

continued

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MURMANSK

continued

order to keep our port useful in winter.”

Apropos of that, I ask her if she knows exactly what the scientific explanation is for the Gulf Stream. She nods briskly. “Of course I know, but I cannot tell you because it is deep Russian secret.”

March 28: Simon, the local Intourist man, a pleasant, smiling fellow with a lifelong case of five o'clock shadow, takes us on a tour of Murmansk. He tells us that

there are 52 days in November, December and January in which there is either no sunshine at all or only a glimmer at midday. He says schoolchildren have daily sunlamp treatments during this period.

It is cold and misting, but we go to visit one of the Soviet Union's most famous war monuments. It is a 125-foot statue of a Soviet soldier that stands on the highest hill in the region. The memorial is dedicated to the thousands of Russians who died defending Murmansk against the Germans. The critical battles took place about 30 miles away in a region known during the fighting as the Valley of Death. After three years, the Germans were beaten and the place was renamed the Valley of Glory.

We go to the harbor to visit a Soviet fishing trawler. The captain tells us that his ship both catches fish and processes them. The ship works mainly in the Pacific Ocean off South America. Every five months the trawler is taken to a port in Peru where it is overhauled. The captain says his fishing crew consists of 92—83 men and nine women. There is a

group of French tourists with us on the ship and one of them asks if the women must be overhauled in Peru, too, after spending so many months at sea with so many men. This is not considered a funny remark by the captain.

We are told that we are welcome to take any literature we like from a small rack in the crew's recreation area. We take copies of a booklet entitled *Who Is Undermining the Olympic Spirit?* It is a vituperative defense of the Soviets' decision to boycott the 1984 Olympics. It depicts Los Angeles as a crime-crazed jungle and says that every third woman in L.A. must be ready from the age of 14 to be “raped at least once in her life.” It also says that the city is “terrorized by armed bandit gangs who have divided the Olympic city into fiefdoms.” What this stuff is doing on a fishing trawler in Murmansk, I cannot say.

March 29: We see a statue of two polar bears on a busy street, and Luba explains jovially, “Everyone in Moscow thinks there are polar bears always walking in the streets of Murmansk. This was put here to make those dreams come true.”

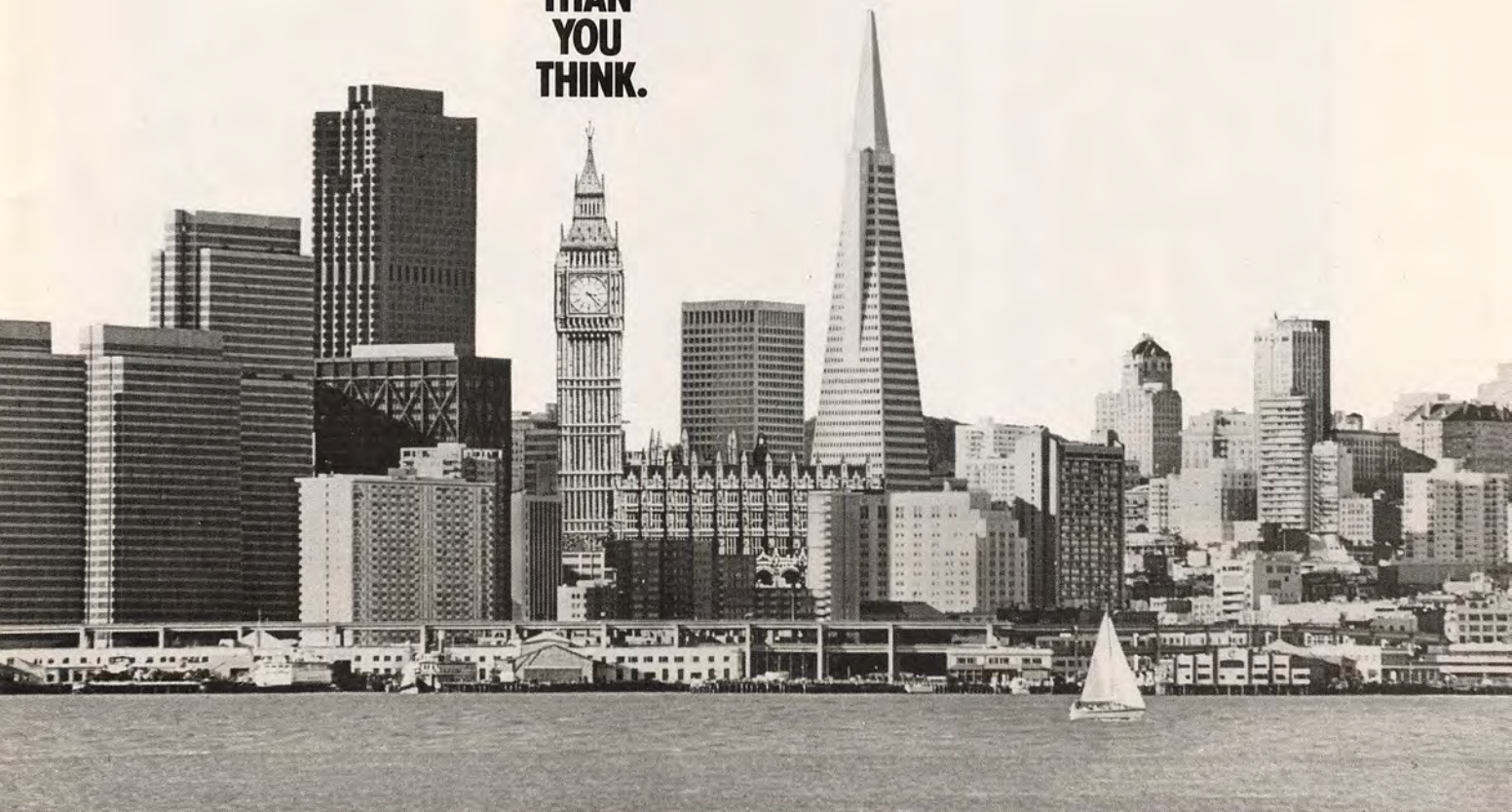
The marathon is two days away. Cooke, Clark and I attend a meeting of various festival committees. The chairman of the reindeer races says that two racing groups from Lapp collective communities north of Murmansk are already

Most skied just for the fun of it; a few of the zealous racers jumped the gun and, surprisingly, got away with it.

continued



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Watching a ski marathon may seem a tedious task to some, but it mesmerized these Murmanskers.

MURMANSK

continued

in town, but that reindeer from another collective are having trouble getting here. He says it would put a serious crimp in the racing card if the third group doesn't

turn up, but he is confident that it will, sooner or later. The chairman of the marathon itself says that 10,000 skiers are expected, although only 693 have actually registered.

I ski about six miles with Clark and try some skating. I have hopes I can master his graceful but grueling technique—someday. For this race, however, I plan to remain loyal to the Minnesota trudge.

March 30: The reindeer arrive from the missing collective, and the races go on around a vast frozen marsh surrounded by apartment buildings. Each team and driver races around the mile-long track twice against the clock. The reindeer churn up chunks of snow that spatter over the cursing driver, who, in turn, mercilessly prods his steeds with a long pole. After the prescribed two laps, the reindeer look exhausted and depressed.

There is no betting. The prizes are cheap medals. I ask a sleigh driver if the racing reindeer are specially bred for the sport, and he replies, "No, they are animals who are our friends and fellow workers, although we will probably eat them eventually."

We are taken to a small pond not far from the war monument and are introduced to some *morzhi*, which means walrus. They prove to be a close-knit group of workers whose favorite pastime is jumping into the pond through a hole in the ice. They do it every workday at

6 a.m. and every weekend day at high noon. On weekends they draw a small group of spectators. I ask one of the *morzhi* what he thinks of changes in the Kremlin and he replies, "Nothing matters as much to us as keeping the ice from covering up the water of this pond."

March 31: The big day, the big race. It is sunny, not very cold at all. The race is to start at 10 a.m., and we arrive in our In-tourist bus at the stadium about 9:15. There are hundreds of soldiers and uniformed cadets from Murmansk's merchant marine academy milling about, but there are very few skiers.

I have thought I might try the full two-loop course—35.6 miles. Now, as J.O. and I register with officials, they ask how old we are and how far we intend to ski. We tell them, and they say, "Nyet." No one over 45 is allowed to go around twice. We are "veterans," and "national policy" doesn't allow codgers like us to do more than a single 17.8-mile loop. I don't argue about this, but J.O. does a little. *Nyet, nyet, nyet*. This is a rule, no exceptions. *Nyet*.

The crowd grows. It's only 10 minutes to race time, but I figure there are maybe 3,500 or 4,000 skiers in the meadow, tops. The announcer, however, reports that there are more than 10,000.

Minutes crawl by. The highly charged front ranks of elite racers look ready to

continued



A "filling station" attendant served up tea.

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MURMANSK

continued

break. The memory of last year's start is fresh in everyone's mind. The man on the public-address system speaks to the eager elite in a voice as soothing as a psychotherapist's: "Easy there, fellows. Calm down now. Come on, No. 124, relax. Don't step on the start line yet, comrades. Cool down there, No. 459. . . ."

It is about two minutes to 10. The time has not yet come, but someone lunges over the starting line. The front ranks spring forward as one man. The crowd

the signal that speaks volumes about change in the Kremlin, the key to the future. I stop dead in my tracks and write in my notebook: *Gorbachev's Gate? Open Doors at the Kremlin?* The throng passing by jostles my arm, skis over my skis, bumps into my back. But the note has been taken. A labored symbol maybe, but what the hell. When you're dealing in enigmas, you take what you can get.

I begin to ski. I am really deep in the crowd now. The flying leaders have long

turn off from the major marathon track. I am the only one who continues on. I had expected to be surrounded by people, but I am alone. Behind and ahead as far as I can see, there is no one. I keep going, but I am troubled. At last I hear the sound of sliding skis behind me. A Russian catches me, begins to pass without a word. I ask anxiously, "Marathon? Marathon?" He barks "Da!" and I feel better. I have no further human contact for another hour. At that point the front-runners begin to flash past me, one after another, grim as running wolves. They are on their second loop, bound for the finish.

I continue on through sweet Russian sunshine and immaculate snow. My thoughts are pleasant, wandering through recent memories: Minsk and Pinsk, Vera of the Arktika Express, the Valley of Glory, the Gulf Stream, Gorbachev's Gate. . . .

I reach a feeding station—called a "filling station" by Luba. Pretty girls stuff me with sausages, lingonberry juice, sweet tea and lemon wedges coated thick with sugar. Refreshed, I charge on, thinking of riddles and enigmas.

At last I am in the stadium, making one final circle to the finish. A handful of people remain. Cooke, Clark, the Jims and Luba cheer as I cross the line. I raise my poles in weary triumph.

Later, I learn that I am 213th among the 215 who skied just one loop of the marathon. My time is four hours, 20 minutes, 18 seconds, and that is a very long time to ski 17.8 miles. The winner of the whole shebang is one Andrei Sergeev, who dashed the full 35.6 miles in two hours, 40 minutes, 56 seconds. He came in exactly two minutes before his nearest competitor. This is impressive. Best of all, it turns out that the new champion is—dare I believe it?—from Minsk!

That night, we toast everything we can think of with glasses of Northern Lights—the race, peace, friendship, Minnesota, Indiana, skiing, skating, spring, winter—*everything*. At last Cooke says he'd like to toast the winner of the race. He pauses, then says, "Here's to him. He may say he's from Minsk, but personally, I'm betting on Pinsk."

END



The winner, a skier from Minsk, headed for the finish to the sound of muffled applause from Luba.

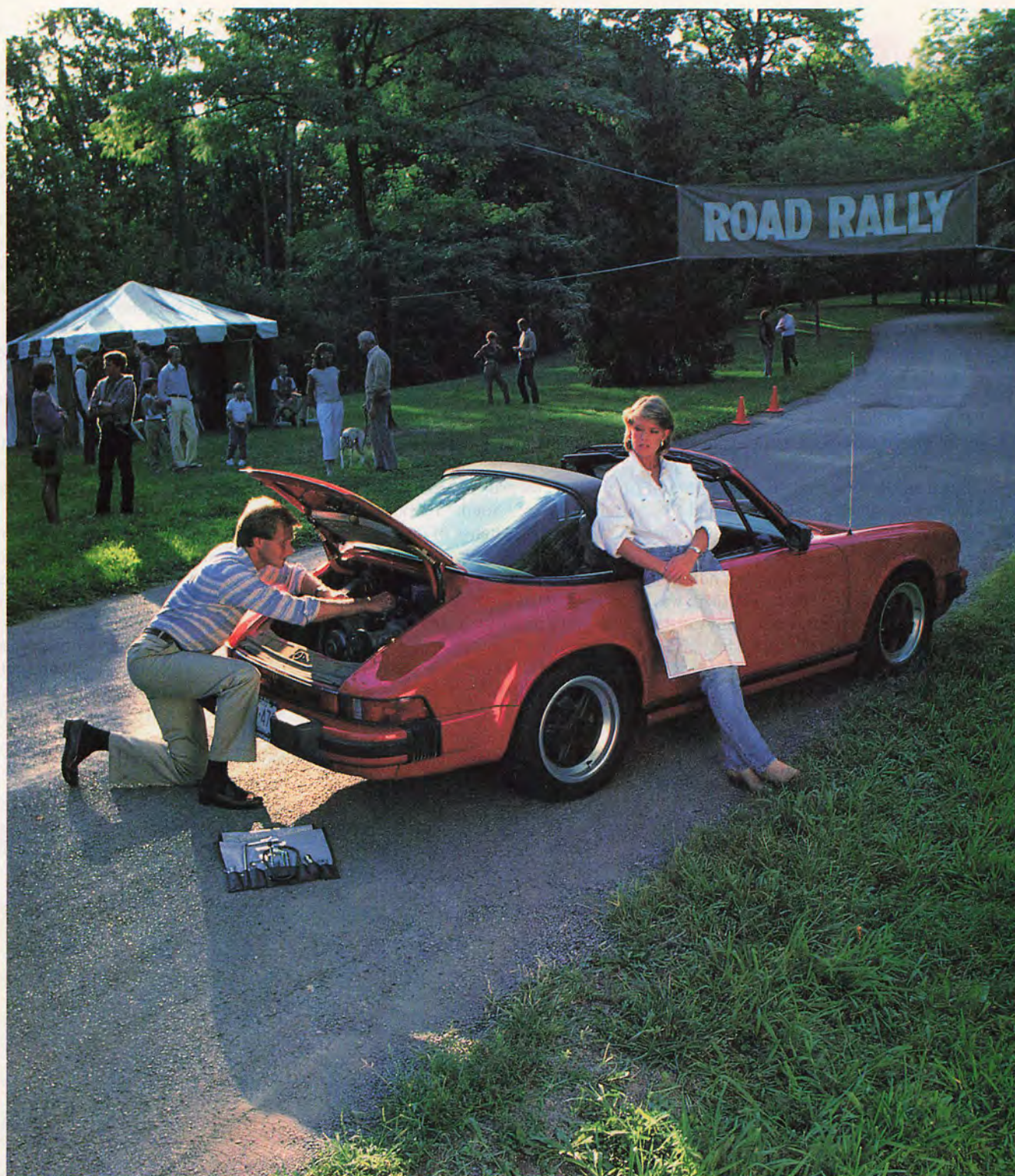
behind charges, too. But there has been no gun. The start is false. Is it Marx Brothers time in Murmansk?

An official is ordering the gate closed, blocking the course. The skiers at the front are skating fiercely up the hill. They see the shut gate, they hesitate, they slow down. The crowd behind begins to bunch up. But then the course director flings up his arm, shouts a command, and—can it really be?—the gate is *removed*! The race is on! Russian rules have actually been bypassed, broken.

This may have momentous meaning—

since disappeared. I don't care. Around me are dozens of giggling, struggling Russians. Many have wooden skis that won't grip the snow going uphill. Some appear to be using sawed-off broomsticks for poles. Metal teeth gleam everywhere in the radiant sun. There are no furious skating strokes here, no power pole-punching. Believe it or not, I am about the best cross-country skier in sight.

However, it turns out that all of these good people at the rear are doing only a supershort version of the marathon—a leisurely five-kilometer loop. They all



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On The Scene

by DAN LEVIN

ON STURDY, LIGHT OFF-ROAD BICYCLES, RACERS CAN HANDLE TOUGH TERRAIN

Once, when Harry Truman was President and Joe Louis ruled the ring, bicycles were bicycles the way men were men—plain and strong. In those days, you could ride bikes over curbs. They had fat tires and wide, upright handlebars. So what if they had only one speed? Pushing 46 pounds of rubber and steel up a hill would have been darned good exercise—if exercise had been invented yet. But then the '50s brought lighter, three-speed English bikes, and the '60s and '70s brought 21-pound 10-speeds, with down-turned handlebars and skinny tires, bikes that could go, even up hills, but not over curbs. Then, as the '70s waned, there was another development. Out of hilly northern California came all-terrain bikes. The ATBs have 18 speeds, weigh 25 to 32 pounds, and are something of a throw-back: they are plain and strong, with fat tires and upright handlebars, and you can ride them over curbs. But you can also ride them up hills, and they are light enough to carry up stairs.

As sales have increased, so has the number of all-terrain bicycle races. ATB

the athletes. There were two divisions: experts, professional or seasoned off-road cyclists, vying for a \$500 winner's purse, who had to survive 20 laps of the roughly half-mile courses; and citizens, folks supposedly like you and me, who stepped from the crowd and went for the glory over one lap. The men's and women's citizen winners each took home a prize of a \$500 Fuji.

The Seattle course was a rocky stream bed; those in Minneapolis and L.A. were characterized by hairpin turns; Chicago's was a mucky hollow; Denver's was a succession of dirt ramps that sent the cyclists flying; and Miami's was a bayside web of mangrove roots. Finally, there was the Tampa course, "the amoeba," a shapeless trail that looped treacherously across University of South Florida athletic fields through patches of deep sand and steep little slopes of soft grass, tough going even for these bikes. Still, citizen entrants seemed as drawn to this race as they were to all the Gant races. Nearly anyone could complete the .545-mile course, and all of the cyclists had dreams of winning a new Fuji.

I took a practice run over the Tampa course, and one knowledgeable observer said, "Fair speed, poor bike han-

a straightaway, then lost one to poor bike handling while topping a sandy knoll. With 18 speeds, you can go nearly anywhere. But it takes a while to learn how to use them, and in soft sand you have to get it right before you slow down, or you stop—completely. And you don't start up very quickly. That's how it went. I craved a breakneck ride to glory down a dizzying mountain trail. But this was flat Florida, and I finished 11th, in 3:38. At least now, though, I had some idea of what ATBs could do. I also wanted a demonstration from an expert.

The one to watch was an adventurous 32-year-old maverick from Santa Cruz, Calif. named Laurence Malone, a.k.a. Mr. Mountain Bike. The place to do so was near a spot where two telephone poles had been laid about seven feet apart across the trail for the experts' race. Malone was the first of 39 to approach the logs, and at 6' 2" and 150 pounds, up on his pedals, he called to mind Ichabod Crane. But then, seemingly with no loss of speed or rhythm, his right leg whished up and over the back wheel and shot out between the bike frame and his left leg. Still in perfect tempo, he dismounted, raised the bike, ran over the logs, remounted and pedaled away. No one else did it as smoothly, but after five laps Malone was 30 yards back in second place.

He had already won four of the six Gant races, and he was undeniably



ILLUSTRATION BY DIANE TESKE HARRIS

hotshots go at it across meadows and wallows and over craggy trails that would wreck a \$1,000 10-speed. The number of races passed the 100 mark last year, and no competition did more to spread the ATB gospel than last fall's Gant Challenge, sponsored by the menswear concern. New sports prosper when fans identify with the athletes, and in the series of seven Gant races the fans—or some of them, anyway—actually became

ding." My time was 3:51.0, and already cutting corners in my mind, I calculated, "2:49 gets the prize." But when it came time for my 35-and-over heat, reality set in. The first sharp turn lay under a three-inch-deep puddle. I slowed and took it wide; I was still game, as long as I didn't have to chance a nose dive in the mud and tire tracks on my back.

I was 15th of 20 through the turn, gained two places with fierce pedaling on

skilled, but his recent drinking and training habits seemed to suggest that four wins were enough for him. "I haven't trained in three weeks," he kept saying as he drank various Piña Colodas, beers and a black Russian at dinner less than 48 hours before race time.

In 1974, Malone had discovered Cyclocross, a sort of 10-speed analogue to ATB racing, but with more running involved. One year later, he was national

champion, a title he didn't relinquish until 1980. Malone's first ATB victory was in Fairfax, Calif. in 1981, over a 20-mile loop of tortuous trails and ridges, some of them so steep that he had to sit back and off his seat to keep from pitching over the handlebars. But he won, but subsequently overtrained, developing serious knee trouble. He couldn't ride, so off he went to South America, traveling for eight months in buses full of chickens. Back in California he spent the summer of '83 living in a tepee and strengthening his knee on rugged Sierra bike trails. In March 1984, he received a call from Specialized Bicycle Components, in Morgan Hill, Calif., a leading producer of top-grade ATBs, and soon he was part of the company's new five-man racing team.

Tampa was the team's last stop of the year, and on the eighth lap Malone was trading the lead with Thomas Prehn, second in this summer's national road racing championships. But this was only Prehn's second off-road race, and his inexperience showed. At least three times, near the start-finish line, he sped up and tried to pass Malone. But they were less than 100 yards from the puddle turn, and when Prehn couldn't pass, he had to brake sharply, wasting much energy. By midrace no one had a lot of that to spare. Many competitors were now riding right over the logs—clump-clump . . . clump-clump. "Get off—it's faster," spectators yelled, but the riders were too stiff and sore to comply.

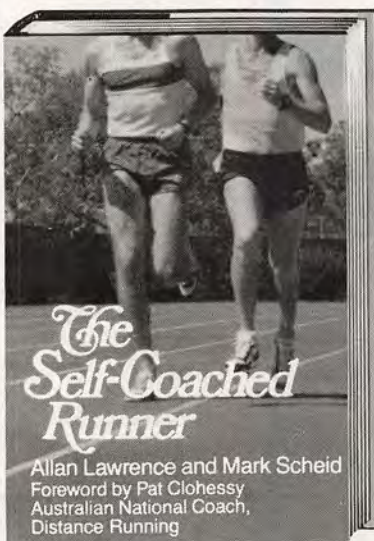
ATB racing is more stressful to the upper body than road racing. Also, there is no pack riding or drafting, as on the road, so a more sustained effort is required. Even Malone, the most efficient of riders, was wearing down. With seven laps remaining, he rode over the logs for the first time. But he did so more efficiently than the others, and an admiring voice called out, "This guy's soooo smooth." Some 20 minutes later Mr. Mountain Bike had won his fifth Gant race. His average lap speed was 2:33.5.

Malone stood, spotted with mud, drinking beer and champagne, and talked about the satisfactions of ATB racing. His pet hate, he said, was automobiles. "Every day I ride on a road, I'm looking into the jaws of death," he said. But with an all-terrain bicycle, he said, "I go way up in the mountains, and the people I meet are amazed. They say, 'How did you get up here?' or, 'Wow, you're crazy.' That's why I love this sport."

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 15-21

Compiled by DUNCAN BRANTLEY

PRO BASKETBALL—The NBA playoffs opened with teams jumping off to 2-0 leads in all of the Eastern Conference's first-round, best-of-five series. That's not to say the games weren't tight. "Everybody said Cleveland was a cupcake," said Boston forward Kevin McHale after the Celtics battled to 126-123 and 108-106 victories over the hang-tough Cavaliers. "Well, it's about time everybody realized they're a damn good team." The other Eastern series leaders were Philadelphia (over Washington), Detroit (over New Jersey) and Milwaukee (over Chicago). In the West, the Lakers exploded for 289 points to win the first two games of their series against injury-plagued Phoenix. Denver and San Antonio, Houston and Utah, as well as Portland and Dallas all split.

BOWLING—MARK WILLIAMS won the \$200,000 PBA Tournament of Champions by defeating Bob Handley 191-140. Handley, who averaged almost 215 in 48 qualifying games, had the lowest title-game score in the 21-year history of the event.

PRO FOOTBALL—USFL: New Jersey coach Walt Michaels, who prefers the power game to finesse, could only swallow hard when Generals boss Donald Trump signed the scrambling Doug Flutie last February. But Michaels had no complaints Friday night after a 21-18 victory over Memphis. Flutie threw for 107 yards and one touchdown and scored a TD on a one-yard run. Michaels also got all the power he wanted out of Herschel Walker, who rushed for 164 yards on 27 carries, giving him a league-leading 1,006 yards for the season. "I saw a runner more punishing than Jim Brown," Michaels gushed. "Someone was taking a beating out there and it wasn't Herschel." Tampa Bay played twice, defeating Western co-leader Denver 33-17 before bowing to Birmingham, leader in the East, 30-3. The Los Angeles Express, which had been riding high after an 18-17 upset of Western co-leader Houston the week before ("This team has new life," Express coach John Hadl had exclaimed), reverted to form as the USFL's worst team. Not even placekicker Tony Zendejas, the West's leading scorer with 62 points, could get L.A. on the board as the Denver Gold, seeing red after its loss to Tampa Bay, punished the Express 51-0. Jacksonville topped Orlando 31-10. Houston stopped Arizona 33-17, and Baltimore's Kelvin Bryant returned from a three-week layoff caused by a pulled hamstring and rushed for 185 yards and two TDs, one an 82-yarder, as the Stars beat Portland 26-17.

GOLF—Masters champion BERNHARD LANGER of West Germany beat Bobby Wadkins on the first hole of sudden-death to win the Heritage Classic at Hilton Head Island, S.C. (page 20). Both finished regulation play with an 11-under-par 273.

PATTY SHEEHAN shot a 13-under-par 275 to beat Alice Miller by two strokes and win a \$200,000 LPGA event in Las Vegas.

HOCKEY—After opening with an 11-1 loss to the Soviet Union, the United States upset Canada 4-3 and Czechoslovakia 3-1 in the round-robin, eight-team World Ice Hockey Championships in Prague.

PRO HOCKEY—"It's not fun—time and time again falling behind," said Denis Potvin of the Islanders after losing to Philadelphia 3-0 in the opening game of the Patrick Division finals. "It's not the way we've won [Stanley] Cups in the past." But nothing changed Sunday as New York lost again to the Flyers 5-2 (page 22). In the Smythe Division, Winnipeg experienced a similar fate, losing twice to defending Stanley Cup champion Edmonton, 4-2 and 5-2. In game No. 2, Oiler Paul Coffey scored two goals and assisted on three others to tie the NHL playoff single-game points record for a defenseman. "Offensively and defensively, it probably was the strongest game I've played," said Coffey. In the Adams Division, the Nordiques and Canadiens split their first two games, with Quebec drawing first blood in a 2-1 overtime win; Montreal retaliated Sunday 6-4. After four straight playoff wins, Minnesota lost to Chicago 6-2, evening the Norris finals 1-1.

HORSE RACING—ETERNAL PRINCE (\$7), Richard Migliore up, won the \$296,500 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, finishing 2 1/4 lengths ahead of preface fa-

vorite Proud Truth. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 mile in 1:48 1/2 (page 18).

TANK'S PROSPECT (\$8.20) beat Enclosure by 6 1/2 lengths to win the \$582,750 Arkansas Derby at Oaklawn Park. The 3-year-old colt, with Gary Stevens in the saddle, covered the 1 1/4-mile course in 1:48 1/2, less than 1/2 of a second off the track record.

SPEND A BUCK (\$2.80) won the 1 1/4-mile Garden State Stakes in 1:45 1/2, 3/5 of a second off Secretariat's 1973 record. Angel Cordero Jr. rode the 3-year-old colt to a 9 1/2 length victory over I Am The Game.

INDOOR SOCCER—Kansas City and Minnesota both won their wild-card playoffs and advanced to the MISL quarterfinals. The Comets swept their best-of-three series against the Steamers, winning two overtime matches 5-4 and 4-3. Minnesota split its first two games with Wichita, winning 2-1 and losing 8-3, before eliminating the Wings 3-2 in overtime. Cleveland and Chicago, both of which had already clinched playoff berths, split the first two games of their best-of-five quarterfinal series.

MARATHON—CARLOS LOPES of Portugal, the 1984 Olympic gold medalist, set a world-best of 2:07:11 to win the Rotterdam Marathon. Lopes, 38, paced 54 seconds off the previous best, by Steve Jones of Great Britain last Oct. 21 at the America's Marathon in Chicago.

Twenty-nine-year-old INGRID KRISTIANSEN of Norway set a woman's world best of 2:21:06 to win the London Marathon, eclipsing Joan Benoit's old mark of 2:22:43, set in the 1983 Boston Marathon.

MOTOR SPORTS—Neil Bonnett, driving a Chevrolet Monte Carlo, beat Darrell Waltrip by one car length to win a \$247,000 NASCAR event in North Wilkesboro, N.C. Bonnett averaged 93.818 mph for 400 laps on the 3/8-mile track.

AYRTON SENNA of Brazil, driving a Lotus-Renault beat Michele Alboreto of Italy, in a Ferrari, to win the Portuguese Grand Prix in Estoril. Senna averaged 90.20 mph for the 181.1-mile race, which was shortened from 69 to 67 laps because of rain.

TENNIS—PAUL MCNAMEE of Australia upset Anders Jarryd of Sweden 7-6, 4-6, 6-4 to win the \$200,000 River Oaks tournament in Houston.

ZINA GARRISON upset Chris Evert Lloyd 6-4, 6-3 to take a \$250,000 WTA tournament at Amelia Island, Fla.

MILEPOSTS—APPROVED: By the NBA Board of Governors, the transfer of the Kansas City Kings to Sacramento for the 1985-86 season.

DROPPED: By unanimous vote of the Tulane University Board of Administrators, the school's scandal-ridden men's basketball program. The elimination of the program had been recommended by Tulane president Dr. Eamon Kelly.

FINED: By the Nevada Athletic Commission, WBA lightweight champ LIVINGSTONE BRAMBLE, 24, \$15,000 for an illegal stimulant detected after his Feb. 16 win over Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini.

INDICTED: By a Davidson County grand jury, in Nashville, Vanderbilt strength coach E.J. (Doc) Kreis, on eight counts of allegedly dispensing illegal steroids to athletes at Vanderbilt, Clemson and Colgate over the past four years. Also named in the indictment—on 90 and six counts, respectively—were Nashville pharmacist Melvin (Woody) Wilson and Thomas Patterson, a former employee of Wilson's. The grand jury also named 32 former and present Vanderbilt football players as unindicted coconspirators. Kreis resigned his Vanderbilt position after the indictments were handed down.

NAMED: As Tulane athletic director, Mack Brown, 33, also the school's football coach, to replace Hindman Wall, who resigned two weeks ago. Brown, a former assistant at Oklahoma, was hired to replace Wally English as Tulane's coach last December.

RETIRED: Cleveland offensive tackle DOUG DIEKEN, 36, who didn't miss a game in 14 seasons with the Browns, setting a club record of 203 consecutive games; Detroit running back DEXTER BUSSEY, 33, who in 11 seasons became the Lions' second-leading career rusher with 5,105 yards, one yard behind the leader, Billy Sims.

SIGNED: By the St. Louis Cardinals, five-time Gold Glove shortstop OZZIE SMITH, 30, to a four-year contract extension that will pay him more than \$2 million a year. Smith now ranks as the third-highest-paid player in the major leagues, behind Mike Schmidt of Philadelphia and Boston's Jim Rice.

FACES IN THE CROWD



LINDA BANKS
WILKINSBURG, PA.



LAURA SHWALUK
BRANDON, MANITOBA

Linda, 17, a 6' 4" center at Wilkesburg High, averaged 30.2 points, 27.5 rebounds and 10.6 blocks a game for the Tigers. In a 71-68 double-OT loss to Serra High, Linda grabbed 41 boards, tying her for third on the alltime U.S. girls' high school list. Laura, 15, a 5' 4" junior-varsity forward at Vincent Massey High, scored six points in the Vikings' 48-47, six-OT defeat of Crocus Plains. Her winning basket came with 41 seconds left; all but three Vikings and four Plainsmen had fouled out.



TEE BURTON
SHELBY, N.C.

Tee, a junior at Crest High, shot a six-under-par 64 to lead his team to victory over Rutherfordton-Spindale Central 295-310. Tee finished the round with a hole in one, an eagle and back-to-back birdies, scoring 1-2-3-4 on those four holes.



DIANE VANARSDALEN
HILLSDALE, MICH.

VanArsdalen, 27, Hillsdale College's women's track and field coach, led the Chargers to the Great Lakes Conference indoor title and a 69-2-1 record since 1983. She was named conference Coach of the Year for the third consecutive year.



ANDY TRUJILLO
WORLAND, WYO.



RICHARD TRUJILLO
WORLAND, WYO.

Andy and Richard each won titles in the Wyoming AAA state wrestling tournament to lead Worland High to the state championship. Andy, a senior, won in the 155-pound class, ending the season with a 23-5 record, and Richard, a junior, won the state title at 126 pounds and finished with a 19-9 record. Two other Trujillo brothers also contributed to Worland's team title. Jim, a senior, placed third in the tournament in the 112-pound class, and Mitch, a sophomore, was runner-up at 138 pounds.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

LINING THEM UP

Sir:

Having read and heard all winter about the 74¢ Canadian dollar, acid rain, the troubles of the Toronto Maple Leafs and glowing predictions for the Boston Red Sox, this temporarily expatriate Torontonian was thrilled to read your insightful—and absolutely accurate—scouting reports selecting the Blue Jays as the best team in baseball (*A Whole New Lineup*, April 15). I'll be home in time for the Series.

JEFFREY KERBEL
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

The Blue Jays? Ha! The powers in the American League East are going to be the Orioles, the Red Sox and, of course, the Tigers.

BILL FLECKENSTEIN JR.
Portsmouth, N.H.

Sir:

In reference to your scouting report on the Seattle Mariners, it is our hope and expectation that we will be much closer to 89 Across (six letters, clue: "Apex"—APOGEE) than to 23 Down (seven letters, clue: "Nadir"—PERIGEE) of the American League on Oct. 6 than you predict.

HAL KELLER
General Manager
Seattle Mariners

Sir:

Ivan Maisel's scouting report on Mariner G.M. Hal Keller declares that he is a workaholic only at crossword puzzles. You may add yard work to that. As his sons, we know!

HANK SCHWARZ
BILL KELLER
Issaquah, Wash.

Sir:

I congratulate you on your choice of the word "should" in your prediction "The Cubs should beat the Mets" instead of "will," because they *won't*. No one will!

PETER I. BERNSTEIN
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

The Phillies the 11th-best team? That's a laugh. They have to be one of the six worst.

Also, there will be a pennant race in the American League West, but the Twins will be the winners.

JOE RICCARDI
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Sir:

The Milwaukee Brewers are the best 22nd-place team in the history of baseball.

BRUCE GILBERT
Kensington, Md.

Sir:

Toby Harrah and the Texas Rangers dead

last in the majors? This time the joke's on you!

W.K. BALLINGER
Guntersville, Ala.

RELIVING '84

Sir:

The only thing missing from your magnificent 1985 baseball issue was a feature article (replete with photographs) on one of the most stunning comebacks in baseball history, the San Diego Padres' conquest of the Chicago Cubs in the '84 National League Championship Series. For those of us fortunate enough to have witnessed all three delirious Padre victories in San Diego, that series was absolutely perfect!

GARY MCCARY
Pine Valley, Calif.



BOSOX CODE

Sir:

I just put away my Morse code decoder ring. For those baseball trivialists and/or diehard Boston Red Sox fans who don't know, the Morse code that can be seen in Lane Stewart's picture of the Bosox scoreboard in leftfield at the base of Fenway's Green Monster (*The Team Of Your Dreams*, April 15) stands for the letters T-A-Y (- - - - -) and J-R-Y (- - - - -). These are the initials of the late Thomas A. Yawkey, former Red Sox owner, and his wife, Jean R. Yawkey, current Red Sox president.

EDWARD M. SIENKIEWICZ JR.
Tinker AFB, Okla.

DOCTOR K

Sir:

Walter Iooss Jr.'s superb April 15 cover photo of Dwight Gooden is the most interesting action shot I've ever seen.

DAVID RAPAPORT
New York City

Sir:

As a pitcher, I found Walter Iooss Jr.'s cover shot of Dwight Gooden rather intriguing. Gooden appears to be throwing an overhand curveball. After working on this pitch for more than two months, I learned from this picture what position Gooden's arm is in just before he releases the ball and how much he bends his wrist. I have just finished throwing with a friend, and my curveball has improved dramatically. Thanks, Dwight and Walter.

SCOTT HUDMON
Jacksonville

DREAMIN'

Sir:

Thank you for the well-written baseball issue. I especially enjoyed Steve Wulf's article *The Team Of Your Dreams*. He must feel pretty good about including Phil Bradley on his Dreams second team. As he points out, Bradley is largely unknown outside of the Seattle area, but that may soon change. Six games into the season, the Seattle Mariners were unbeaten, thanks in no small part to Bradley's sure-handed defense in leftfield, his 10 RBIs and .400 batting average. So, a tip of the hat to Wulf for his baseball knowledge, to Bradley for his stellar play and to the Mariners for a grand start to a grand season.

BRIAN SONEDA
Seattle

Sir:

Cub fans filling Fenway? What tradition! Now just substitute Cleveland's Rocco Scotti for Linda Ronstadt and play ball!

BEE MALLEY
Fairview Park, Ohio

Sir:

The Baltimore Dreams without hometown hero Cal Ripken at short? You *are* dreamin'!

NELSON E. COFFIN
Towson, Md.

Sir:

Steve Wulf's *Dreams* are perfect, except for one thing. There's no way George Brett should be chosen over Mike Schmidt.

LISA HANDSBERRY
Smyrna, Del.

Sir:

Bob Bailor? Bo Diaz? Rance Mulliniks? What kind of *Dreams* do you have?

RYAN COX
Knoxville, Md.

continued

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down rear jump seats, and boost the seating capacity to four.

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19TH HOLE *continued*

Sir:

You're sure to be deluged with letters from readers suggesting personnel changes on the Dreams, but I enjoyed Steve Wulf's story far too much to alter a thing. No second-guessing here. I won't say a word about his leaving Jim Rice out of the lineup. Won't even mention it. Not me. Uh-uh.

DON SMITH
Longmeadow, Mass.

Sir:

I'm glad you chose Ernie Harwell as your Dreams radio announcer. Even Vin Scully can't match his voice and feel for the game.

For fans, however, I'd go with those of the White Sox rather than the Cubs. They've suf-

fered just as much—they simply haven't been able to make it fashionable.

Ueberroth claims that baseball and other sports would be greatly damaged if the government did not allow companies to write off the purchase of tickets as business expenses. What would happen, I maintain, is that more traditional—and more important—American values would prevail. The people attending games would be real fans, and the salaries of athletes might be more in keeping with the value of their contribution to American society.

NORMAN KRASNE
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

IN DEFENSE OF ABC

Sir:

On behalf of ABC Sports, I'd like to set the

THE NIGHTMARES?

Sir:

O.K., Steve Wulf, here are your Nightmares, a team—I'd base it in Pittsburgh—made up of players who were left off the Dreams. I feel this combination would beat the Dreams in a seven-game series. Sure, I'm willing to trade a few Nightmares for a couple of Dreams, but I stand by this team. By the way, thanks for the relief pitchers.

BATTING ORDER	PITCHING STAFF	BENCH
Rickey Henderson (R), CF	Nolan Ryan (R)	Dave Engle (R), C
Lou Whitaker (L), 2B	Bert Blyleven (R)	Greg Pryor (R), 3B-SS
Jim Rice (R), LF	Mike Boddicker (R)	Marty Barrett (R), 2B
Kent Hrbek (L), 1B	Scott McGregor (L)	Mike Hargrove (L), 1B
Mike Schmidt (R), 3B	Ron Guidry (L)	Reid Nichols (R), OF
Kirk Gibson (L), RF	Bill Caudill (R)	Reggie Jackson (L), OF
Cal Ripken (R), SS	Willie Hernandez (L)	Hal McRae (R), OF
Gary Carter (R), C	Lee Smith (R)	
Mario Soto (R), P	Bruce Sutter (R)	Rick Burleson, DL

DALE J. ERICKSON
Portland, Maine

VINCENT PATERNO
Ames, Iowa

A TEACHER'S PERSPECTIVE

Sir:

While reading Frank Deford's interview with commissioner Peter Ueberroth (*The Boss Takes His Cuts*, April 15), I was able to see one of the ills of our great American society. Let me explain.

I've been an ardent baseball fan for more than 30 of my 42 years. Last season I took my two sons (ages 12 and 15), who have also become aficionados, to 14 Mets games at Shea Stadium. As a salaried high school teacher, I cannot write off the cost of those tickets, nor do I feel that it would be reasonable for me to be able to do so. Millions of other fans and I attend sports events because we enjoy the drama that the games provide. At the same time, however, I resent the millions of dollars that many athletes are paid to play for only seven or so months a year. Do you realize that the lowliest bench warmer in the major leagues has a minimum salary that is higher than mine, despite my 20 years of teaching and two-plus degrees?

record straight regarding the Race Across America and cyclist Pat Hines (SCORECARD, April 8). We have aired the race three times on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. When we initially bought the broadcast rights to the event, women were not competing in it. At the sole discretion of the race organizers, women were allowed to enter the second race that we covered. At no time did we suggest, request or in any way require that women participate, and although we welcomed their inclusion, we have never viewed or treated their participation in an exploitative manner.

Furthermore, we have had no input regarding the rules under which the race is conducted, nor do we intend to. Incidentally, in our Feb. 10 telecast of the event, we aired Pat's comments about the rules.

ROBERT A. IGER
Vice-President, Program Acquisition
ABC Sports
New York City

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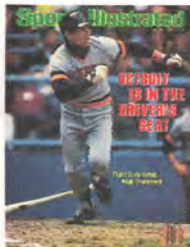
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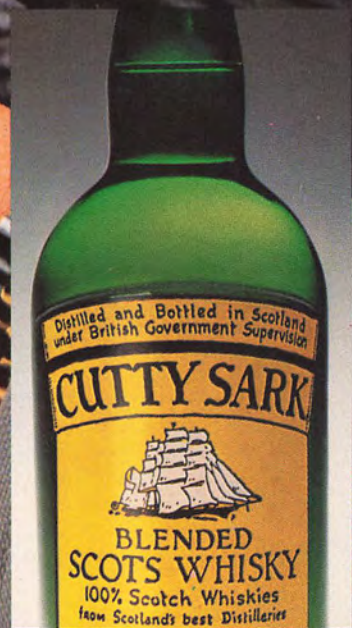
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